The MARY LETTERS

Philip David Bookstaber

To Harry

With deep affection

From the sister of the

Mary in the "Mary Letters"

And

the Mary is no other than

"your Boss"

Holiday Greetings

-Yetta Sacks-

Dec. 25, 1931

"The Mary Letters"

An Idyll of Struggling Souls

Edited by

PHILIP DAVID BOOKSTABER, M.A., Ph.D.

Sometime Fellow, N. Y. School of Social Work,
Taft Fellow in Philosophy, University of Cincinnati

Author of "Creative Personality," *etc.*

PHILADELPHIA
DORRANCE AND COMPANY
Publishers

COPYRIGHT 1928
DORRANCE & COMPANY INC

PUBLISHED OCTOBER, 1928
SECOND PRINTING NOVEMBER, 1928

MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED OF STATES AMERICA

TABLE OF CONTENTS

SECTION		PAGE
1.	Man to Man	13
2.	A Letter of Transmittal	13
3.	Struggles and Values	14
4.	A Keen Observer of Men, Women and the Stage	17
5.	Time, Money and Poe	19
6.	Woman and Youth	22
7.	Money—Happiness—Society	24
8.	On Thought	25
9.	Books—Character—Mistakes	27
10.	Apples—Christmas—Commercialism	29
11.	Business Men	32
12.	Wife—Motherhood—Child-Prayer	34
13.	Yellow	35
14.	Lonesomeness—Meditations	36
15.	A Pot of Gold—and—the Answer	39
16.	Prayer—Public Confidence	43
17.	Cold—Hunger	46
18.	Christmas	49
19.	Christmas Again—and—a Postscript	51
20.	A New Year's Reflection	57
21.	An Introduction	59
22.	An Apartment Rented	62
23.	Sex	64
24.	Resignation	71
25.	Pretzels, Men, Rabbis and a Daughter	72
26.	Pretzels and Goiters	76
27.	The Harem	78
28.	Mind—Money—Sex Again	80
29.	Sex and Marriage: Romance	85
30.	Three Short Telegrams and an Answer	99
31.	The Daughter Arrives	102
32.	Nearly a Book	103
33.	An Atelier—a Studio	104

TABLE OF CONTENTS

SECTION		PAGE
34.	The Genius for Friendship	108
35.	Success	114
36.	Buying Religion	118
37.	Love and Hatred	121
38.	True Hospitality	124
39.	A Ramble	125
40.	"A Book of Bills and an Answer"	128
41.	A Salesman of Religion	130
42.	"Art and Business and Another Answer"	132
43.	Operations and Prayer	137
44.	Death of a Good Man	139

INTRODUCTION

It is the privilege of a minister to understand the pauses between the pulsations of one's heart, but it is the rare and unique opportunity that is his to articulate the silent moments—patient and yearning though they be—with the living and the dead. Such is the desire and the motive in presenting these letters (in the form of chapters) of a sensitive soul to a still more sensitive and creative personality as portrayed in the following story. The time covered is a span of barely seven months, wherein the man, I. S. J., in business, still yearned for spiritual values and knew not where to find them. It is not strange that this yearning and searching was to be found in a woman and that this woman got her inspiration and fortitude for this supply in a house of worship. Such is the "triangle" one would sense in the forty-four chapters of this book, which, for the lack of a better name, is entitled "The Mary Letters."

A rabbi, a congregant, and a devoted friend of the latter, and later of both, play an important part in the evolving of a dormant religious devotion. Mr. I. S. J.—a wonderful soul—brought up in the South, a Jew—who had intermarried into one of the finest families of the South, finds himself a widower three years after marriage, with a daughter, at which time the tragedy begins, a tragedy from which father and daughter cannot extricate themselves. More pathetic is it that after thirty years the alert mind and the

sensitive soul of Mr. I. S. J. find the solution in the reawakening of a Jewish consciousness through the influence of a house of worship into which he had not entered for the greater span of his life. A struggle ensues and, although accepted by the man, he finds himself physically incapable of continuing and completing the process of rededicating himself to his faith. The daughter, so much of his concern, could not give him solace. It took a woman whose partner in business was God and who saw God through business to fill the spiritual void that was in the man.

Fortunate is it for a rabbi to be placed in the environment of business, the materialism of commerce and the maelstrom of social maladjustments and life's tragedies—fortunate, say I, because through all these difficulties we are able to reach the stars and the satellites of human achievement. In the past we have been able to see God through nature and at present we are able to see God through science, and likewise we even are able to see God through business. All these visions of God have been made possible through the accessories of control, co-ordination and organization of the above tools of interpretation. There still remains, however, one ever-present means of interpretation which is still foreign to the vast majority of individuals, namely, interpreting God through our fellowman. Such is the simple story of "The Mary Letters," wherein is told the epic of comrade-souls—articulate and ever struggling—who evolve and clarify those intangible verities by giving their very lives for their realization: loyalty, friendship, immortality,

prayer, self-sacrifice; all these and many other verities are expressed in a genius-like fashion by the man and inspired by the woman whose inner resources have come through the house of worship.

It is the large metropolis of New York and the comparatively small community of Harris City that are continually in contrast—a sensitive soul and a creative genius continually rebels against the prostitution of his mind and ability. Such is the fact of many silent and mute inglorious Miltons in a city that looks upon bulk and speed as qualifying factors for achievement. The tragedy within the soul of this man finds a sympathetic chord in the woman of a smaller city who has been able, without bulk and without speed, to find expression and to give outward manifestation of a developing and creative personality—such expression and manifestation which the man himself could not find in the great metropolis. Thrice blessed is the opportunity afforded a rabbi when he can, through intensive and concentrated application, bring some cheer to the sufferer of the heart, to bring order into a chaotic feeling, and, more important, to orientate kindred spirits and souls. In this, the rabbi himself gains. My tribute to the man, I. S. J., is shown in this humble effort of mine—also, greater homage is shown by the woman in bringing these letters to the fore—such is the ever-increasing clarification of immortality.

All tended to Mankind,
And man produced, all has its end thus far:
But in completed man begins anew
A tendency to God.

PREFACE

The following contains forty-four chapters of varying degrees in length and interest. These were culled from the experiences of a number of persons, but stimulated in their content by a woman and a man. In editing these chapters (mainly letters) I had the embarrassment of riches in the number of letters as well as in the subjects treated. The reader is asked to study the chapter carefully; they are in sequence of time and thought. In all they cover an intimate contact between a widower, a rabbi and a devoted member of his congregation. Although some chapters may be complete in themselves, a greater unity will be found in the careful study of all. The story begins with the man, I. S. J.; the woman concerned is called Mary. The sad note of the man's life—a tragedy—was caused by the complexities of relationship with the daughter who closes this book, by the name of Jen. As editor of these letters I may not agree with some of the expressions upon controversial matters, but, however, intellectual honesty forces me to have them printed, to give the true expression of an honest man as well as to have the reader stimulated in thought and discussion.

P. D. B.—1928.

"THE MARY LETTERS"

§ 1: MAN TO MAN

Messages from a Man Who Was Lost,
and,
Though a Bit Late, Found Himself,
Thanks to You.

§ 2: A LETTER OF TRANSMITTAL

Dr. P. D. B.
My dear Rabbi:

I have finally succeeded in getting copies made of the letters written to me by our mutual friend, Mr. J., who, to my great sorrow, has recently passed into the realm of the Great Beyond.

While reading extracts from these letters there is one big thing that occurs to me and that is—the deep regret I feel in having lost the author of such lofty ideals, incentives, and thoughts, that spoke of and embodied so much goodness—the irony of such a marvelous spirit being so short-lived!

Since I was first able to correlate ideas and ideals, to mould, and to form them into definite aims, desires, and ambitions, it was always a wish of mine that I might have the good fortune of having some one soul enter into my life, who would possess qualities of a calibre that would tend to direct, guide and influence

me into such paths as would develop my mental, moral and spiritual being. I have the feeling of satisfaction that, thus far, Mr. J., through his letters—and they reflect his character and personality—has measured up to my ideal as nearly as I could have hoped for. Whatever he said, whatever he did, whatever he wrote had a clean, unselfish motive, free from any thought of material gain.

I do not hesitate to comply with your request to present to you these letters, to me treasures that no amount of money could buy, for they have been a source of inspiration and an aid in solving my daily problems of life.

With my compliments.

M. S.

§ 3: STRUGGLES AND VALUES

Dear Mary:

From my participation in the ribaldry that hummed around the luncheon table today you never would have dreamed that I had been living in New Haven during the past three years—living in monkish seclusion, devoting myself to serious study, giving just enough play to my creative faculties to enable me to eat plainly and dress simply.

I got through college while yet very young, and it was always my wish to delve a little deeper into the fascinating and entrancing mysteries of learning. Therefore, while in New Haven, I attended several

special lecture courses and enjoyed them more than I can describe. The joy of enriching my mind, of trying to master the problems that have absorbed the thoughts of great men of all ages, more than compensated me for giving up the sordid and material things. I am back in New York—the beautiful city that hisses and seethes with intensest commercialism. Well, modern conditions, the cumulative development of human needs, make practical things necessary, and no amount of idealism can halt the progress of business. Perhaps my recent mode of life and associations will make of me a better business man than I was. I trust such will be the case, because it is very costly for one to live here decently.

Why am I writing to you? First of all you are a woman. You interest me. I clearly recall the story of your life as you related it one evening at the Effs. You painted a picture of your early background. It was gray, sad, sorrowful. There was poverty—always a dangerous beast to conquer. You were so young, so inexperienced, but you were honest and ambitious. Then, as you rose, you met with mean envy and cruel injustice. I have often had a mental image of the poor little girl who was treated with contempt by her co-workers in the store. You have succeeded, because consciously or unconsciously, you have kept true to the real laws of economics. They are nothing more than the laws of God. There isn't a sound business scheme devised today that can't be traced to the Bible. Every "new" thought in regard to organization—in regard to executive and administrative policy was practiced

by the leaders of the ancients. It was when they violated those fine ideals that they failed and came to grief.

You are spending your days amid beauty—the beauty of form and color. I assume you are making money. That's secondary. The first consideration is: Are you making yourself happy? Money is quite useless without happiness. Look at your merchandise, as artists say, with a new eye. There is romance in chiffon and velvet; sentiment in blooms and plumes; tragedy in the hanging hairs of silky furs; history in hats; poems in the vivid colors of scarfs and shawls—every line of merchandise has a literature of its own. Just think of the early mystery of silks—and their present witchery. They are of consuming interest.

You were looking well. The few years since I last saw you have touched you gently—in fact, they haven't touched you at all, except to make you seem younger. When the time comes, as it surely will, for Time to leave its impress upon your smooth brow—don't commit the common fault of women—and regret it.

Age has its advantages no less than youth. It brings wisdom, and humility, and broad sympathies. Maturity is the period of sweetness—of understanding. Then it is that we see things in their true colors—and can give them proper values.

But it will be many years before you will be personally interested in the ways and graces of age.

Yours very sincerely,

I. S. J.

§ 4: A KEEN OBSERVER OF MEN, WOMEN AND THE STAGE

Dear Mary:

It is Sunday— and *what* a Sunday! The sky is as cloudless as a baby's blue eyes. White fleece floats slowly through the faint, delicate blue, giving a wavy, stipple effect. The air is as soft as the first kiss of love—caressing one's brow daintily. There is no touch of December's lash in it. It's the air of Southern France or Northern Italy. But the people have vanished—withdrawn to their various places of abode —flats, suites, apartments, cubbyholes, hives, harems, mansions, villas, chateaux, bungalows, tenements and temples. Streets are deserted—except for a few derelicts, roaming about without definite objectives—homeless beggars straying from point to point.

Only a few hours ago Fifth Avenue was a rainbow —women clad in silks, furs and feathers, ablaze with jewels, thronged that broad, beautiful artery of fashion. The sheen of velvet and beaver hats, the shimmer of silk stockings, the gleam of bright buckles, lent radiancy to the seething pageant.

And there were the glamour of alluring eyes, the glow of invitational smiles, the glint of rouged cheeks, the iridescence of dyed hair, the fragrant whiteness of full, voluptuous throats bared to the sparkling sunshine, and the ravished gaze of men, making the hand envious of the eye. What a difference one night can make! Today the Avenue is empty. Gone is the vivid, vibrant crowd. The scene is arid and sterile,

soundless, joyless. It is hell to be in New York on Sunday!

Last night I went to a play—"Minick." It was heart-breakingly depressing. The action was centered in a lonely old man—a kindly, innocent, unsuspicious soul who had been bereft of wife and home. He journeyed to Chicago to live with his married son. His son and daughter-in-law wished to comfort and solace him, but they couldn't spare the time from their social engagements, and so without intending to do so, they neglected the sweet old man. The curtain falls on the last act, Minick carrying a matting-covered suit-case, on his way to the Old Man's Home. Pathetic, wasn't it? The play was advertised as a comedy. I went to laugh and remained to weep.

Leo asked me to Pelham today. But I have an engagement to dine with the advertising manager of Bees and I couldn't go.

I am anxious to see Mrs. Eff. Talking with her always invigorates me. She is stimulating. Her philosophy is sound—her personality restful, quieting—has the effect of restoring faith in humanity.

Did you know that I organized the millinery department at Ays? I designed the room—and started the business going. It was at this time that I came in contact with T. While on —— Street yesterday, I went in to see him. What a freak he is—a male anomaly. A fine looking chap, but a mental blank in all save ideas about woman's dress—especially hats. In them his art instincts and creative imagination are unerring. Some of his designs are

audacious; others are modest, almost nondescript. He himself is a pale reflection of effeminate affectations—one feels like kicking him. Certain types of women like him—as they do poodle dogs.

It is amusing to hear them languidly or gushingly appeal to him for "something to wear." He cheats them outrageously. But they, or their "gentlemen friends," have money, so why worry about the cost.

I am wondering how *you* are spending the day. At home with the family—resting, reading, thinking of business problems, planning to expand—meditating, introspecting, retrospecting—spending the day like thousands of others. The lives of many are so much alike—ambition, work, achievement, discontent, the growth of that something in hearts which causes yearnings, and longings that approach hopelessness.

Life is like that.

Sincerely yours,
I. S. J.

§ 5: TIME, MONEY AND POE

Dear Mary:

Your note received. By sending it, you violated your agreement. Did you not promise not to write? Then why didn't you observe the promise? My first impulse was not to send you a letter today. Later, I decided that you might have concluded that I did not take you seriously. For you to write me would be a tax upon your *time*—and with you time is money.

For me, writing to you is a relaxation—enables me to pass time that would otherwise be valueless. You see, I have no job. This gives me a wealth of time—enough to make me disregard the days of the week. Therefore, my letters are undated. Wouldn't it be fine if you received bills that way? Another dreary, rainy, bleak day. Too damn dismal to pack pavements hunting a situation. I have just read a letter written by Poe. It was to his friend, Dr. A——, of Savannah, Georgia, who, besides being a prosperous physician, was a deep scholar and minor poet. In the letter Poe urged Dr. A—— to furnish a small capital with which to start the publication of a literary magazine in New York—and ended with a request for the loan of ten dollars.

This letter is owned by my old college mate, John A—— —. As a bit of irony, I tell you that a well-known magazine paid three thousand dollars for the privilege of reproducing it; later he was offered ten thousand dollars for the original.

Not long ago I attended a dinner given by the Author's Society of America. The guest of honor was the French Ambassador. He is a great admirer of Poe, and has translated his writings into the French language. On this occasion the Ambassador paid the highest tribute to the genius of Poe.

Poe also wrote Dr. A—— that he had written a poem entitled "The Raven," and had sold it to the *Blank Magazine* for five dollars, but with the stipulation that his name would not appear as the author as he did not wish his name printed in a publication

having such a low literay tone as the *Blank Magazine.* Today, "The Raven" is used in Oxford University as an example of the highest form of poetical composition.

Meanwhile, Poe was tramping these same streets seeking a job—and his sweet devoted child-wife Virginia, who inspired Poe's immortal poem, "Sweet Annable Lee" was dying of cold and starvation. Finally she literally froze and starved to death. Poe was unable to purchase either food, or a blanket for the woman he adored and worshiped.

Genius has a hard break in this business world. I wish you would get a volume of Poe's and read "Sweet Annable Lee." It is filled with a haunting pathos—replete with saddest sentiment, and no one who has ever loved, and lost his beloved, can read it without a sense of sorrow and sympathy. Yesterday I went out to Fordham and looked at the little shabby cottage in which this tragedy was enacted.

I could almost see dear, lovely Virginia, lying on a bare couch expiring for the lack of things that could have been bought for five dollars. Isn't it enough to make men who have hearts and souls hate money?

This frail girl, pale and emaciated, shaken with paroxysms of coughing, and gaunt, ghastly, hungry Poe with eyes blazing with the fires of a God-given power of beautiful expression, unable to relieve her pain, or stay her death. I would have robbed, if need be, murdered, to have saved her life. Later, Poe himself was found dead in a dark, deserted cellar in Baltimore. No doubt he, too, starved to death.

Not a very cheerful subject. Forgive me for having dwelt on it.

I have just finished twelve short advertisements for Leo. Am enclosing a copy of one. It may strike you as being a bit unusual.

Tonight I have to go to a dinner, and then to a play.

Wanted so much to decline, but couldn't succeed. Why are Jews so darn persistent? They simply insist on having their way. Are you like that? If you are—change.

Isn't the regret you express over not reading an affectation?

Anyone who really wishes to live with the writers of high ideals may do so. Books are cheap—and there's a Carnegie public library in almost every city.

With best wishes—

Yours sincerely,

I. S. J.

§ 6: WOMAN AND YOUTH

Dear Mary:

The violinist in the room below has just begun a waltz. And now the other instruments have taken up the strain. Excuse me a few moments while I step into the ballroom to see if a girl is there for whom I have a message from a friend of hers.

* * *

I saw Elsa. She was as light as a feather in her partner's arms. Her feet flashed or lingered upon the

floor like flecks of sunlight on a wave-stirred sea. She closed her eyes, half fainting with the joy of the music. When she saw me she stopped. Her eyes shone like stars. Her gown was the color of the sky. She seemed to have just dropped from heaven. Dear little Elsa—a butterfly, born this evening, passing away tomorrow. Her escort seemed to have robbed a convent. The message I gave her was all she needed to complete her happiness. As she left me she executed a graceful *pas seul.* There was a good deal of boisterous applause. Elsa says that dancing soothes her into a state of ecstatic joy. Music, a smooth floor, the sustaining arm of a man! How little is required by Youth to enter the realm of bliss.

Elsa's softness and prettiness and bloom attract men. A year or two of life will bring womanhood to her, and then she will understand just what is lacking in her to-night.

* * *

Mary, I wonder if it be wise for me to continue writing to you. I fear that I make you an unwilling sharer in my varying moods and tenses. And I have no right to thus burden you—not even the right that an old friend might claim. Writing you the first letter was an impulse—but the ones that followed were not.

You are a very busy woman—you have many obligations—several interests of an absorbing nature. Why should your thoughts be allowed to wander from your personal affairs simply for a whim of mine?

I. S. J.

Think it over, and if you agree with me, just drop me a line to say that you have had enough.

Sincerely,
I. S. J.

§ 7: MONEY—HAPPINESS—SOCIETY

Dear Mary:

I think I "get you."

You are torn and worn by the haunting sense of a harsh childhood.

It darkens the happier impulses for you now.

When you were a girl the world struck at you with its cruel strength, blind to the fact that it could wound you as only a sensitive creature can be wounded. These wounds overshadowed and embittered your adolescence. You dimly felt that you had to pit your feebleness against that intrenched monster we call organized society. Therefore, terror-stricken, you instinctively turned to the Moloch, known as Money, as a defense. And in order to acquire Money you were compelled to resort to Business. Then you stepped into Business much as a wild animal steps into a steel trap with its teeth hidden by the most elaborate secrecies and misrepresentations. You have been in the grip of Business ever since. You have been plucky, and loyal, and devoted to your ideals and standards, but with the passing of the years, the early ideals and standards don't satisfy you, because they don't fill your life.

In other words, Money hasn't brought the happiness you thought it would. You are simply another victim of this disordered, overwrought age that places a false value upon Money. You have wearied of wasting your moral passion upon such a barren end.

But you *had* to accumulate Money in order to realize its uselessness to bring joy. I arrive at this conclusion because the vague intimations of your words dropped like seeds into my mind and germinated there.

You are still a child—like a fear-stricken creature in the jungle, motionless, in an immense silence and darkness.

I. S. J.

§ 8: ON THOUGHT

Dear Mary:

The quality of a letter does not depend upon the person who writes it, but upon the person to whom it is written. Were I to write to a stupid or insincere woman, I would not have the same inspiration I have when I write to a sensible and honest one. Therefore, if my letters interest you, isn't it because they are inspired by you? Their incentive centers in you. The ideas in them are suggested by you. I simply clothe them in words. If I did not know you, the letters would not be given expression. You should think of them in that way, and not give me exclusive credit for anything you find in them that lays siege to your fancy, or that captures your imagination.

If you are not wholly happy, there is no reason for it. Of course, you attribute such a state to some unreal reason—one created in your mind and existing there by your volition alone. Just as you gave it life, just so can you take life from it. Mental unhappiness is simply the concentration of an unhappy thought—and thought is a thing. Now, you should not permit a mere *thing* to cause you anxiety, or distress, unless you wish it to.

If you place something in the chamber of your refrigerator and let it remain there until it molds, rots, and putrefies, it generates a vile odor and poisons the air. The entire refrigerator grows unsanitary. An unhappy thought lodged in the chamber of your mind affects you the same way spiritually. More and more unhappiness emanates from it, until all your thoughts are tainted.

If it's fish, or meat, or decayed vegetable that makes your refrigerator foul you throw the offending article in the garbage can.

You can treat the unhappy thought in exactly the same way. Cast it out of your mind, into the garbage pail of things unclean. It's the easiest thing in the world to do.

Mary, try it—don't rest quiet and let any condition or circumstance put a thought into your mind that renders you dissatisfied or unhappy. Don't cheat yourself of the beauty and richness of being happy.

Always sincerely,

I. S. J.

§ 9: BOOKS—CHARACTER—MISTAKES

Dear Mary:

Your letter received. Humility is a sweet grace—the flower of modesty—but there is no need of you to disparage yourself simply because you are not bookish. Life gives one a finer education than books. Real knowledge is in oneself. Books are records of ancient information. No sooner does one book fall from the press than another is ready to be printed that controverts and disproves the ideas and theories contained in the first. Book knowledge may have a certain value but it is by no means conclusive. It doesn't create, but merely entertains. The most vivid book can't enhance your personality. You must express yourself—your own ideals, standards, ethics—not the ones gleaned from books, which are the motives and inspirations of others.

Well-read people are often very ignorant. Their intellectual horizon is limited to what they have read. They don't originate—don't blaze new trails. Therefore, you should not depreciate yourself simply because you have not made intimate contacts with writers.

Individual capacity is a quality that resides in yourself. It is as much your own as your blood, your pulse, your nerve centers. I have always read voraciously—and see what a failure I am.

However, we must not give personal applications to generalizations. The thing that really counts is character. Rich, well-rounded character means more

than all else—brings larger happiness than any amount of money can command. Men and women may fall to the lowest level of degradation, and by the upbuilding of character rise to the loftiest peaks of wisdom and happiness. To be honest, tolerant, forgiving, sympathetic and generous is to have a good character. It is a quality of the soul, and is evolved within ourselves, not caught from the pages of books.

All of us make mistakes. That's human. But our mistakes should help, not crush us. How are mistakes met? That's the vital point. If we permit one mistake to lead us into committing others we are either weak or culpable. The moment we become aware that we have blundered we should not indulge in other blunders in order to lessen the effect of the first one. There is always one straight, direct, bold, moral course to follow—and we should follow it, no matter how hard it may be. The crooked, indirect, timid, evasive course may beckon to us, but in the end it will land us in more trouble.

Of course, we should abstain from errors. But that's impossible. Conditions and circumstances arise that dominate us. For the while, our will is inactive, our sense of values is dulled, our finer perceptions are quiescent—and unconsciously we drift into false situations.

But when realization comes, and our judgment is aroused, we should scramble back to a solid foundation.

This is not always easy, but it is safest.

One blunder should not harness us to others. There

is always a way to hustle out of it—and profit by the experience.

If we could go through the world without making mistakes, we would be gods, but we are only clods, susceptible to all kinds of influences—good and bad.

It isn't the mistakes we make that cause misery, but the mistakes we make in trying to shirk the consequences of mistakes.

My pen today has taken an unusual strain. I don't know why.

Sincerely yours,
I. S. J.

§ 10: APPLES—CHRISTMAS—COMMERCIALISM

Dear Mary:

Some time ago I spent the night at the home of a friend. Just before retiring he said: "I eat an apple every night at about this time, do you want one?" I replied that I would very much enjoy eating a *real* apple, but it had been years since I had found one. I go to the fruit stands, and see large, red, tempting-looking apples, pay twenty-five cents for one, bite into it—and it is as dry and juiceless as pith—tasteless, too. He descended into the cellar, and came up bearing several winesaps. Giving one to me, he said: "This is a sure enough apple—full of flavor." I took a bite, and it was full of acid—like husk. Two months ago, while on a train speeding through Montana, I fell into conversation with my neighbor. He was from

the State of Washington—and owned an apple *ranch.* That's what they call orchards. I asked him why apples in the East were so completely lacking in qualities that make apples delicious. He attributed it to cold storage. Fumbling in his bag he produced a winesap, and invited me to eat it. It was replete with sap that had the delicate bouquet of fine old wine.

Today, Mrs. F., Kitty and I had luncheon at the hotel; when I returned to my room I saw a foreign-looking basket on the table; between its lattices gleamed the green and red of closely packed apples. Of course, my thought was that a bellboy had made a mistake and brought the trophy to the wrong room. And then I saw *my* name on the tag—and also the city whence it came—and thus was I informed that the apples were mine, and the gift was from you. Yanking off the top of the basket, I lost no time in diminishing the number by two.

These apples must have been plucked from trees yesterday. Their aroma is true. They are rich with apple fragrance and rosiness—fluid with dewiness and juiciness. With each bite my mouth was drenched anew with dulcet and luscious acidulousness, like lush honey and mellifluous nectar. Pleasantly tart, high tasting, savorous, they have just the piquancy to fleck and lash the palate with expectancy. Pungent apples, with the spicy tang that brings back the scents and sentiments that lie buried in the memory of every country-bred man. I thank you for them—you dear, thoughtful woman.

The days come—and they go—and between the ebb

and flow I wonder what it is all about. Already the eastern sky is brilliant with the glamour of Christmas. The pulses of little children are quickening as their imagination pictures the dawn of the great day. Men and women, too, yield to the power of the same ecstasy. Now and again pertinacious memory attempts to babble the old sweet words to my consciousness, but my heart doesn't respond. A middle-aged man, homeless, no tender ties, drifting, thinking, sinking—but smiling, bluffing at happiness and contriving to see it through. Sorrow wrapped in gaudy tinsel. All the legends and traditions of the festival season do not arouse my interest; it is the end of hope, the end of *everything!* It must be so.

To write, and write, and write—to prostitute my mind—to commercialize my best and finest thoughts—to continue selling columns and pages and booklets of my imagination, of my creative faculties, to retailers and manufacturers of this, that and the other—you have no idea what a drain it is upon the soul. Perhaps the joy and charm I find in writing to you is due to the fact that I am not paid to do so. Putting my ideals and power of expression upon the market gets to be like offering a pint of blood, or a quart of brains, or a gallon of ethics for so much, or so little, money.

Forgive this little outburst of rebellion.

Yours sincerely,

I. S. J.

P. S.: We went to the Music Box—afterwards to Mrs. W's apartment. No, she was not assertive—non-

dominant, but very sweet, gracious and hospitable.

I. S. J.

§ 11: BUSINESS MEN

Dear Mary:

According to the arrangement you made I took the advertising to Mr. K. and Mrs. H. this morning at half past eleven. I was eager to hear their verdict, because I regard the idea and its execution as extraordinarily attractive. Both of them were delighted —neither uttered a single criticism. It is, indeed, a great pleasure to deal with such people. They are so different from the rough-necks I have met in the Dress business—the big, burly, brutal, and the little, sneaky, apologetic chaps who have no artistic horizon—no esthetic discrimination, and know nothing at all about the sparkle, fluidity and expressiveness of English. The cost of the magazine will be about two hundred and fifty dollars a month. Nothing was said about my services. I wish to make it as small as possible, and am disposed to leave the matter entirely with Mr. K.

I wish to thank you for making this connection for me. The work will be a real pleasure. After devoting so many years to the subject of Dress—with head and heart full of it, I deplored the fact that the knowledge I had accumulated with such earnestness was not being utilized.

I appreciate your active and practical interest all the more, because I would take to shoveling snow off the

street before I would solicit business. This may be a wrong attitude, but I can't help it. For me to ask for business would be just as painful and embarrassing, and humiliating, as to ask for alms. I am a rotten business man where my personal interests are involved.

The plan is to put out a magazine every month. It's name, "WITCHERY," I think is very appropriate and suggestive—for there is a witchery in their dresses. You have a great big fine heart, Mary, and I wish you would be just a little more discreet and self-possessed—put a check and curb upon your emotions. The Rabbi understands you, and can correctly and justly construe your actions and motives—but bear in mind, that Rabbis are not plentiful. Even ordinary intelligence and spontaneous good will, and natural kindness are rare qualities in people. If minds are not tempered with sweetness the harshest of judgments are passed upon us. The good traits are ignored, and trifling temperamental faults are emphasized.

Snowing again!

Mrs. W. and Mr. E. H. S. left this morning for South America. They will be away for two months. Leo wishes me to live with him, but I fear the trips will be too tiresome and inconvenient. I never did commute—never cared to.

With best regards and all good wishes,

I. S. J.

§ 12: WIFE—MOTHERHOOD—CHILD—PRAYER

Dear Mary:

On her forehead were beads of sweat that wet her tawny, tangled hair. Her cheeks were white and sunken. Her hands were thin—almost transparent. She was wasted and weary with pain, but her eyes were pools of dazzling brown.

Four physicians were consulting in the adjoining room.

One summoned me.

He said: "We must take the child from her within an hour, or Jen will be dead before sunrise."

Stunned, I heard him add: "We are waiting for your consent to operate."

I returned to the sickroom. With burning eyes, Jen beckoned me to her bedside. Frantically she whispered: "Don't let them kill my baby. I have borne it all these months. Don't let them kill my baby."

I wrote you I once prayed. This was the night.

A month from then baby Jenie was born. Big Jen lived, only to die two years later.

Tonight I want to pray. I can't. I am in sorrow deeper than the sorrow that Death brings.

That night of dread and heart-breaking agony when the life of the woman I worshipped hung in the balance was not as terrifying as the tragedy that now threatens me.

I. S. J.

§ 13: YELLOW

Dear Mary:

A wide-open, full-flirted yellow flower, unknown to floriculture, splashed against a dull-white beaded dress! The beads were wrought in geometric designs, and beneath the shaded electric lights they seemed to effervesce like aerated milk when agitated. There were millions of pearl-like beads in a rapture and ecstasy of artistic arrangement. Whether they were applied by hand or power machines I have no way of knowing. There wasn't a speck of foundation material upon which the beads did not encroach. An enchantment, an embarrassment of beads, circling in graceful patterns; their creamy opaqueness relieved by the yellow bloom that sprawled at your girdle. I abhor yellow flowers. A yellow flower is yellow. It is a strip of yellow silk cut in the shape of an outspread rose, and nothing more. But it is evil. It may have the color of gold or of the sun, but from its stem it spreads sorrow and death. I still see the loose, limp petals, and stamens, and pistils of your hideous yellow "rose" crinkling upon cast white beads like a cobra crumpling the joy out of love and innocence. There are no black diamonds. There should be no yellow "roses." And yet, as if not content with the cruelty of fate, or with the mystery of superstition, you set a huge, tigerish yellow flower against a froth of white beads. The sight filled me with sad anger.

I once more saw her. She was prettier than ever, because more pale, with sparkling eyes. She stood

beside me—and through happiness could speak only in the lowest tones. Her brow shone with eternal tenderness. A sparkling picture filled my eyes—a picture of hours of intimacy, home hours, mingled with a certain indescribable uneasiness, apprehension, premonition. I was conscious of an acute, enervating nervousness.

In her slender, temperamental, beautiful hand she held a bouquet of yellow roses. Can there be anything more terrifying than a bridal bouquet of yellow roses?

Death—pale Death—and I hovered near the bed that bore her. The moon, seen from the window, was like a disk of yellow metal. I smoothed the rumpled pillow in which her golden head was sunken. Her chin quivered, her lips moved. I bent my head, straining my ears, to hear the half-formed words—and pressed my last kiss upon her cheek.

Gentle hands led me away.

When I stood beside her coffin, and looked upon her marble face that not even Death could rob of beauty, upon the cheek that I had kissed, I saw a yellow spot.

I abhor yellow flowers.

I. S. J.

§ 14: LONESOMENESS—MEDITATIONS

Dear Mary:

I should resist the desire to write to you tonight, because I am depressed. But I am not strong on resisting my desire. However, I *do* try hard to control my

desire. If one's desire is harmless, there is no reason to resist it. One of the troubles of the world is that man's and woman's desires are so often wrong, and when yielded to, pain and sorrow follow.

I am depressed tonight because I am lonely. Rain is falling in torrents. I thought of going to a play, and then decided against going, because I would have to go alone. There isn't much fun in going anywhere without pleasant and interesting companionship.

It is strange how solitary and isolated one can be in a crowded city. Thousands of people passing, and every face unknown. I never feel friendless in the woods. I love trees—to me they are like human beings. It is amazing to look at a big, many-branched tree and think of what it has passed through—storms, upheavals, cyclones, snow, sleet, sunshine—yet it stands majestically, grandly, nobly, beautifully ready to bear another cycle of stress and softness. In New York I miss the country. It is so inaccessible. If I could earn a living in the country, I would go and stay there. But no one in the country needs me to write advertisements, and I am frank to confess that I don't relish the drudgery of farmwork. I have tried it.

I am living at the F. C. House. It is on the southeast corner of Avenue X and A street—a twenty-story structure erected last year for the exclusive accommodation of members of Greek Letter College Fraternities. It is conducted as a club. Cornell Club occupies the two top floors—and seventeen other college clubs have quarters here. There are dances, and bridge

tournaments, and squash contests, and other diversions, but none of them interest me.

Next time you are in New York, perhaps you will have dinner here with me. Women are not permitted above the main floor. This rule will not interfere with us, because the dining rooms are on the main floor. Dinner over, we can, if you wish, go to a show.

You may observe from my letters that I am not as flippant and frivolous as I may have seemed to be at your luncheon. I am simply adaptive—responsive to the moods of the people I am with. This is the best way to be, for then no one can accuse me of being a boor.

However, I am a middle-aged man who has known much sorrow—and sorrow always leaves its mark on the soul. Ordinarily I am meditative—and much prefer to discuss the sweet and beautiful things of life to the coarse, and common, and vulgar ones. I know such is also your temperament. But we can't always regulate the subjects of our conversations.

No doubt you are absorbed in the activity that vitalizes business during the weeks just before the dawn of Christmas. Perhaps my letters are a bit inopportune just at this breathless period, when everybody is so rushed. Well, you don't have to read them. But there is one thing you can't prevent—the pleasure writing them gives me. So you may expect to receive others from time to time.

Please don't feel under any obligation to answer. My desire to write you came as an impulse, and I don't

even try to analyze it. All I know, is that it is a *good* impulse—and that's enough, isn't it?

As a rule, Mary, I live in a paradise—a paradise of the mind. It is peopled with men and women who appeal to all the finest emotions of my heart. In it are exquisite gardens, bright birds, fragrant buds and blossoms, kindness, gentleness, loveliness. Of course, it is a mirage, but a fair and delightful one. Some day I may let you enter it.

Very sincerely,

I. S. J.

§ 15: A POT OF GOLD—AND—THE ANSWER

Dear Mary:

Yesterday I knew the nervous throbs of a congested headache—the penalty exacted by a dinner party.

Monday. Was restless and in pain all last night, and this morning my brain resents any effort at intensive concentration. Therefore, only a brief note. Received the magazine you sent, and read "The Pot of Gold."

Really, Mary, articles devoted simply to saying that someone has made a lot on a pot of gold do not interest me. To merely make money is such a low order of talent—and seldom brings happiness.

Biography absorbs me—subjects dealing with intellectual and spiritual development give me pleasure.

So many coarse, common, sordid and mercenary people have the knack of making money, that any de-

scription of a man's or woman's career which is limited to his or her power to turn opportunity into money is not a bit inspiring or edifying. It strikes no responsive chord in my heart.

It is reasonable to assume that a woman who places a high value upon her ability to accumulate wealth, whose emotions of pride are aroused by contemplating her bank balance, naturally feels a fine scorn for men who have failed where she has succeeded.

In other words, isn't it possible that she will measure a man by the money standard?

Should it be true that you are so inclined, you can see nothing in me to justify even reading what I write you.

Though poor, very, very poor—and becoming poorer every time I eat a meal, or ride on a street car, or pay a laundry bill—I am fairly happy—much happier than several men I know who are rich.

I can lose myself, and forget the blows dealt by poverty by exercising my gift of appreciation for beautiful things—a poem, a story, a picture, a statue, a sunset, a sylvan scene, a river, a mountain, the sky, stars, flowers, music! There are so many things that bring pleasure—besides money.

I trust you will not accuse me of being cynical. If you do, you misjudge me. I am merely a philosopher without the Midas touch.

Yours sincerely,

I. S. J.

THE ANSWER

My dear Mr. J—:

I do hope you will forgive me for writing this little note to you but I cannot resist the temptation of trying to clear myself of the indictment against me in one of your previous letters. Your letter seemed to express a great deal of disappointment in me—even going so far as to say that if I were that sort of person perhaps I would not be interested in your letters—the title of your letter being "The Pot of Gold."

I think it very essential for me to try to make it clear to you that this little article written by Mr. B. has a title that is entirely out of keeping with the contents of the story. I would like to tell you how it got its title. The publishers to whom he first sent this little story were, I presume, well-read, educated men, who had taken different degrees in colleges—so somehow or other when this little article was submitted to them for publication, they did not consider it worth while for the reason that it did not have an arresting, alluring title. Mr. B. sent this little story, with its modest little headline, to several publishers but it was accepted by no one. Then, unfortunately perhaps for me, he thought of "The Pot of Gold" and it was accepted.

This is not at all true of my business career—you have my word of honor that in my short career I have established myself in the hearts and minds of my public, but my banker always tells me that I do not belong to the business world, for I am too unbusiness-

like to be classed in that category. I always suffer because I do not know how to have a bank roll, but I was very happy that I was really poor when I read your letter reprimanding me for wanting to pile up gold.

I get genuine pleasure out of my work because of its nature—first of all, I am in an atmosphere I love; secondly, I have surrounded myself with what I would consider a very excellent organization, and, thirdly—and most important of all—I attract a clientele almost as critical as you, and I find myself at times pleasing them—and all I get out of it is just a livelihood, for which I don't think I can be blamed. It is fortunate, however, that my wants are few and simple, for if I craved the luxuries of life, I suppose I would have to change my connections and cater to the masses, which of course would disillusion me entirely in the beautiful work which I have undertaken.

Please pardon me for writing this letter to you, for I can imagine that my letters are hard to read—to really get any sense out of them. Please do not forget that if I were not to keep on getting your letters, however, I should be terribly disappointed.

I told our Rabbi last evening that I did not believe I really know how to pray, but I am certain that if I keep on receiving those lovely lessons each and every day, I will automatically become a student of the highest course on life.

Sincerely yours,
M. S.

§ 16: PRAYER—PUBLIC CONFIDENCE

Dear Mary:

I am thinking of the closing paragraph of your letter in which you state that you told your Rabbi that you have a doubt concerning your ability to pray.

All people who prattle set and formal prayers, as a child recites "Mary Had a Little Lamb," or "The Snow, the Beautiful Snow," or "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck," don't know how to pray. I don't think anyone can *learn* how. Platitudes are not prayers—and all prayers that are *edited* are platitudes. Real praying is inarticulate. Just as there are songs without words, there are prayers without words. The prayer that ascends from one's heart is voiceless. The most eloquent minister who delivers the most intense and dramatic prayer interests me only as an actor or an orator can interest me. He attempts to arouse the emotions of his hearers, his purpose is to move them by his mastery over words, his skill in making phrases, his art to create vivid mental images. Millions of people yield to such powers, prostrate themselves, fall upon their knees, or stand upon their feet, and babble prayers. This is *not* praying. It is balderdash—bunk.

Prayer is not hectic, or hysterical, or rhetorical.

Under stress of sorrow, grief, hope, happiness, joy, inspiration a soul silently responds to some supreme, and mysterious, and beautiful force—and that response is as sure as instinct and as quick as thought. Lightning flashes are slow by comparison. In that indivisible space of time we acknowledge our faith in

and dependence upon the justice, wisdom and mercy of God. This is the prayer that brings ineffable peace, carries us from the tossing, crushing storm of despair into the sweet, calm waters of content.

I have recited many prayers—murmured them slowly, or rattled them off rapidly—but in all my life I have *prayed* but *once*—and my prayer was richly answered.

You see a gorgeous red rose. Its petals are glossy with sheen and color. It is velvety, vivid, vital—and vibrant with fragrance. You instinctively bend to inhale the glow of the perfume diffused from its lustrous heart. A heavenly essence penetrates and pervades your being. Your senses and your spirit yield to the loveliness of the rose. You are grateful for its grace —thankful that you appreciate its beauty. Prayer is just as natural, and spontaneous, and unstudied, and as absorbing as that. Feelings, not words, are the language of true prayer.

Mary, if you have established yourself in the hearts and minds of your public—and I am ready to believe you have—you are perfectly safe in telling your banker to go to h——. You don't need him. He needs you. If you have accomplished this marvelous thing you wield more power than he does. But, remember, nothing is more fickle, more capricious, more wayward, more changeful than the public.

"The King is dead! Long live the King." The fate of Rienzi shows the fickleness of the populace. Earth's greatest, who have basked in the odorous bowers of the public, have also been wounded by the jave-

lins of its scorn and hate. Jesus wept and Voltaire wrote. Both were acclaimed and both were crucified.

If you have exercised some quality that has won the hearts and the minds of your public, never cease developing that quality—adding strength and beauty to it. We mortals are very weak. Read history and learn how success led to the fall of even Cæsar and Napoleon—of Cleopatra, Louis XVI, Catherine of Russia, Emperor William, Frances Joseph—the Czar. They, too, dominated the hearts and the minds of the public. Ambition led them into committing acts of tyranny, oppression, cruelty, corruption, dishonesty—and you know the result.

Much of my business life has been devoted to inspiring public confidence in the store with which I have been connected. The trouble with many merchants is that their avarice and cupidity, the desire for immediate profits, destroy or obscure their sense of values. This temperamental infirmity often unexpectedly manifests itself—and is followed by loss of public confidence. Confidence, that required years to build up, is shattered in a month—or a day—the result of unconscious dishonesty, bad judgment or a subtle scorn of the public's discrimination and perception. The best merchants have to be cautious, watchful, guarded. One mistake, one ethical blunder—and the whole business edifice totters. We should never be too certain of owning a mortgage on public confidence. A speck of soot on a white stocking is very conspicuous—one wrong action can hopelessly blemish the fair fabric of a store's reputation. Always feel that you are under

suspicion. Argus-eyed competition never closes—nor does the lynx eye of the public.

I met two of your friends Saturday—Mrs. F. and Mrs. W. They were in the throes of Christmas shopping—excited, rushed, whirlwindy. I am to call at Mrs. W.'s this evening. I think its a party for the opera, or the Music Box.

It would be nice if you were going.

With kind regards,

I. S. J.

§ 17: COLD—HUNGER

Dear Mary:

I never pay attention to a cold—just let it have its run. But this is a new kind. All last night I coughed —explosively, convulsively, continuously. It was racking. Tonight at about ten it again started. So I went to the Turkish baths and inhaled volumes of steam. I have just returned—after one o'clock. I feel too uncomfortable to sleep. Therefore, will write you the daily report.

It's rather wretched to be ill, and alone, at this dismal hour of dawn. Unhappy thoughts can't be repressed. Memories of mistakes flit through one's consciousness like a flock of cawing ravens. But I never let regrets take possession of me for long. As soon as a shadow of distress is cast upon my spirit, I somehow or other manage to dispel it, and coax a glint of mental sunshine to take its place.

So many things go wrong. One's judgment is such an uncertain quality. When you think it is being exercised wisely, as likely as not it plunges you into hot water. Of late, my judgment has gone awry. But luck is bound to turn—if I am tenacious enough. I am not yet ready to take down the "hope" sign. I may be on the verge of having a head-on collision with good fortune.

Meanwhile, food and I are still on intimate terms. When the mob feeds, I take part in the riot. It's a fierce scene—but eating, in *any* atmosphere supplies nourishment, creates strength, yields physical and mental satisfaction.

Before having been ushered into this life, I must have had a former existence—probably in Paris, and my companions there were Villon, Villiers, Murger, Boudelaire, and other gay vagrants who entertained beautiful ideals on starvation incomes.

Well, they are dead, but their names belong to fame. The cultured and wealthy pay them homage, but while they *lived,* it was a daily struggle for them to overcome hunger.

As Christmas approaches you will no doubt be busier and busier. There will be social affairs for the holidays—dinners, receptions, dances, all sorts of pleasant activities at homes and at clubs. Women will wish to dress for such occasions. Personal vanity and good taste combine to stimulate the desire of all femininity to look alluring. Beautiful and becoming frocks intensify their natural attractions. Graceful forms wrought of gossamer fabrics in colors and

fractions of color that affect some souls like the violent clash, or lingering cadences of music.

Today women in modest circumstances may array themselves as exquisitely as queens and princesses of old. It is marvelous how art and industry have united with modern retailers to supply the witchery of dress at moderate cost.

But after all, women are lovelier than their clothes. Perhaps this is why clothes are designed to reveal so much of women—their bosoms, arms and the outlines of legs. Art enhancing Nature. Styles leave very little flesh covered—nothing left to the imagination. The little lingerie worn is frankly flaunted before the public. The public casually observes ankle, calf, knee and breast—and is bored. Exposure has killed appreciation. I often glance into the show windows of the fine shops and am amazed at the displays—such delicate clothes! They seem light enough to float in air. Dreamy things—grace in every fold, art in every drape—full of life and lustre. I wish I had a woman, and money enough to buy her a million such frocks! Well, I have the woman—Jen—and some day I may have the money. Meanwhile, she must be content to represent one of the girls that the German poet Heine referred to, when he traveled through the Italian Riviera, and looking at the lovely peasant girls exclaimed: "Oh, Beauty, Thou Art Cotton Checks." Girls of peerless charm were simply clad in homemade dresses of cotton checks.

Goodnight,

I. S. J.

§ 18: CHRISTMAS

Dear Mary:

I am not sure whether this is the day after Christmas, or the day after the day after. However, I am positive that *last* Christmas *has* passed—whether one, two, or five days ago is of no special consequence. I am only too happy that I can look *back* upon it, instead of having to look forward to it.

You see, Mary, I was not prepared to meet the obligations of the gala gift-day. The lack of money to indulge my natural impulses has had a tendency to dull the Yuletime spirit for me.

We prattle about the *thought,* and not the *cost* making a gift valuable. This sounds beautifully, but we are living in an age that is purely and completely commercial and mercenary, and as a rule, we regulate our appreciation in giving or receiving a gift by its price. Thoughts are cheap—Five and Ten-Cent Head and Heart Emporiums are full of them—and merely to be *thoughtful* of our friends on Christmas day would not only bankrupt the pretentious shops but would cause the dejected recipients of our sentimental generosity to stigmatize us as tightwads, and I would rather have a wen on my nose and hair growing in my ears than to be charged with being stingy. Fortune's wheel turned against me this Christmas, and I was forced to be a slacker.

I trust you will accept my apology.

I had dinner at the Effs. By this time you will think I am having all my meals there. The turkey

was a twenty-pounder. Its breast was very full—highly precipitous—like the bust of Anna Held, who typified an old French idea of feminine beauty. In a woman we call such a bosom voluptuous; in a turkey it is called *embonpoint,* meaning a prodigality of white meat. It was done to a crusty golden brown, and was as flavorous and tender as a turkey well could be.

The Christmas tree, hung with brilliant trophies wrought of glass and gilt and tinsel in myriad shapes, and fluffed with linty snow, was a sight for Santa Claus to behold. After the gifts were distributed everybody performed parlor tricks. Miss Minnie Eff gave a laughable monologue in Irish dialect. It was the soliloquy of a Celtic maid who had finished her Christmas shopping in a Grand Street department store. In rich, resonant brogue she expressed her opinion of Jews. It was a scream!

Mrs. Eff gave a burlesque of the Queen of Sheba with me as the Sheik. You recall the story of the Queen of Sheba. She was one of the bathing beauties of the Red Sea, and had an affair with Jetsam A'Flotsam, who was the producing director of the Judean Film Flam Corporation. Of course, she exaggerated and intensified the dramatic incidents of that historic scandal that did so much to change the social status of Babylon.

Leo recited Lincoln's Gettysburg Address in Yiddish-English. It was one of the funniest "O L S," I ever heard.

Dainty, demure little Kitty sang a Norwegian folk song that I could not understand. She did it quiver-

ingly, nervously, tremulously. The black police dog was part of her costume.

Coffee and cake were served at quarter-hour intervals—and so the evening wore away amid much gaiety and laughter.

Last night I went to see a modern triumph in salacious drama. How these vulgar inanities achieve even an ephemeral popularity is a mystery to me. I fear to attempt a criticism—because of the vile words used in my last critique—but there isn't a situation in it that isn't hoary nor a line that isn't dull and stupid. The culture and fashion of Akron and Waterburytown were conspicuous in the audience. They might better have saved their money.

Sincerely,
I. S. J.

§ 19: CHRISTMAS AGAIN—AND A POSTSCRIPT

Dear Mary:

Jesus Christ was gentle, sweet, humble, and devoted His life to spreading the gospel of love, truth, mercy, and forgiveness. The deeper you study His character the more you marvel how He could have been so good and tolerant. His sermons and deeds will always be inspirations for humanity. I yield Him reverence just as I yield reverence to all great men. He was a Jew—so why should Jews not celebrate His birth?

The Christmas festival belongs to the people, and to the fireside—to Jew and Gentile alike.

Wherever there is a fine feeling within a family and among friends, there the fuel exists which gives warmth and light to Christmas. Those who respond to this spirit gather around the hearth and express in acts of simple generosity their love of relatives and friends, but particularly towards their children. They remember also the poor, but only as dependents towards whom they are benevolently disposed.

The vehicle of Christmas thoughtfulness is a personal gift—a gift which expresses not merely the kindliness and the generosity of the giver but an insight into the needs of the recipient.

The person to whom Christmas brings the liveliest pleasure is one who divines what other people would like and has the means to satisfy their wishes.

This natural kindliness is released through vehicles which in origin are partly pagan and partly Jewish.

When the pagan wished to represent by some symbolic act his good will towards all his world and towards himself, he almost always waxed convivial. He ate and drank to excess—sufficient at any rate to soothe his grievances and drown his sorrows. Later Jews grafted some of their own more sophisticated aspirations on this pagan stock. Benevolence bulks large in Jewish life and religion, and one sure way to express benevolence is not only to eat and drink ourselves into a condition of cheerfulness but to ease our own consciences and quiet the unrest of other people with burnt and unburnt offerings.

Both ways of bringing down peace and good will to men lend themselves to poetic expression, and both are responsible for a great deal of solid happiness.

In fact, as it is celebrated, Christmas represents about as much Jewish and Christian loving kindness as human beings today are capable of without effort and without reflection of converting into the cash of immediate satisfaction.

Good Jews will, I hope, continue to celebrate Christmas. It means more joy and brotherhood in the home, the church and the synagogue.

I enjoyed our talk tonight—and am in complete sympathy with your motives and ideals. As I see it, you have a wonderful business instinct—a genius for all that is altruistic and beautiful in business life.

Sincerely,
I. S. J.

P. S.—
Dear Mary:

I have just been reading an old-fashioned author. Very few of the present generation have heard of him. He was English—and wrote several novels that attracted considerable attention at the time. But he has been long forgotten. His name was Thackeray. Here is one of his poems—with comments by me.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part.

The humility of placidly accepting
our part, when it is *ill,* brings
little more than quiet scorn,
if *good,* it brings a host of
fawners and flatters. I have tried
hard to bear the burden of an *ill*
part that Fate has handed me.

And bow before the Awful Will
And bear it with an honest heart.

God *does* seem to exercise an
Awful Will at times. If He
chastises those whom He loves
I must be a favorite son.
My heart is honest—and so
have been all my deeds—but
what do they bring me? Not
even peace of mind.

Who misses, or who wins the prize,
Go, lose or conquer as you can:
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

It is easy for those who conquer
to be gentlemen, but, as a rule, they
are not.
They are boastful vulgarians—
they lie, and cheat, and brag,
and look with contempt upon those
who can't descend to base and venal
practices in order to win the prize of
material pre-eminence. As a matter of
fact, gentlemen have to defer to
perfidious blackguards—and sometimes
have to grovel to them.

A gentleman—old or young!
Bear kindly with my humble lays
The sacred chorus first, was sung
Upon the first of Christmas days.

But how the chorus has changed since
that first of Christmas days.
The chorus is now accompanied by the
clank of gold. Money—money—
money ecstasy—money is the great
power. It exculpates criminals and
exonerates immorality. Nothing derogatory
can dim the glory of the precious metal.
If one has it, one is safe even though
he be guilty of treason, bigamy and mayhem.

The Shepherds heard it overhead,
The joyful angels raised it them:
Glory to Heaven on high, it said,
And peace on earth to gentlemen.

But there is no peace on earth for gentle-
men—or gentlewomen.
Integrity is looked upon as degeneracy—
Or as a lack of progress, and meets
with withering satire, cunning, and
shrewdness, and ingratitude, and
slander, and libelers are rewarded.
For them the laurel is wreathed and
the palm is lifted.

My song save this is little worth:
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas tide,
As fits the holy Christmas birth.
Be this, good friends, our carol still—

Be peace on earth, be peace on earth
To men of gentle will.

Be peace on earth, and love and
mirth—Oh, Mary, look about
you—and you'll see how far we
are from all that's good, and fine
and sweet.
The Christmastide recedes and leaves
the world damned—calumny,
defamation, scurrility are everywhere.
Invective rolls off envenomed tongues,
detraction, aspersion and abuse are
whispered or volleyed. The sycophant
and parasite, the unctuous and
the traducer are sending up howls.
Institutions, and traditions, and standards
are being attacked, and yet on
Christmas day we will prattle of
peace on earth—when there is no peace.

Do my comments strike you as being cynical? Well, I am cynical! I think most people who see conditions as they actually exist, not as politicians and bankers say they exist, are more or less heart-sick. Everything beautiful has been taken away from me. But I won't bore you with a recital of my reasons for not being deliriously happy.

I saw Mrs. Eff and Mrs. W—— at about four o'clock. They were on a buying orgy. Mrs. W—— particularly was harvesting a miscellany to give away as if her pocketbook had no bottom—and I don't suppose it has. Mrs. Eff is equally generous, but her resources are not inexhaustible. Mrs. Eff wanted me to go out tonight and help

trim the Christmas tree—but trimming Christmas trees is out of my line, besides balancing myself on a step-ladder always makes me dizzy.

No, I will not write you any of the usual platitudes about Merry Christmas—health, happiness and prosperity—nor will I send you a card. And a gift, well, Mary, that is out of the question. You simply have to take the will for the—the—what would it be—a pearl necklace?

Sincerely, almost too much so,

I. S. J.

§ 20: A NEW YEAR'S REFLECTION

Dear Mary:

The New Year has advanced far enough for nearly everybody to turn from the sweet and fine influence of the holiday spirit and resume the mean and contemptible practices of ordinary life.

What a blessing it would be if good resolutions were permanently observed! There are splendid characters in the world, but not many as compared with the number that are insincere and streaked with yellow.

As I see the activities of the unscrupulous and disreputable my hopes for humanity decline. I really believe the masses in every strata of the social body are drifting farther and farther from

noble ideas—particularly the layer represented by the prosperous. Worldly success seems to include relentlessness and oppression. Instead of personal leadership bringing out kindly and sympathetic qualities, it has a tendency to promote injustice and selfishness. Are men kin to the wolf? Do they grab the prizes, gorge themselves, then snarl and show their sharp white teeth to those who through timidity, fear, or gentleness remain hungry, gaunt, despairing? Strength is voracious; power inflames men to fierceness.

During the storm I contemplated a snowflake for a fraction of a second, before it melted, and was resolved into its original elements. One watery, evanescent snowflake. A useless, futile, trivial, feathery fluff. Only a gossamer; lighter than thistle down. It reminded me of a human being blown by the wind of Fate. A useless, futile, trivial human being from the rubbish heap of pallid men.

But think of the measureless force that inheres in a billion trillion snowflakes. They have the crushing, resistless energy of a raging Niagara, or the remorseless destructive potentiality of a flooding Mississippi. Isn't this equally true of the isolated human zero?

Singly he is ineffectual. But suppose ten million of them combined to redeem the world from the thieves and money-changers. What a stir

they could make. But they won't. The world has always been ruled by the minority.

I have just returned from the Vanderbilt where Jen and I had dinner. She was very calm and sweet. She has her faults. They are temperamental. But, thank God, she has tact, refinement and culture. And she is adaptive. And there isn't a mercenary motive in her heart.

Her social charm and personal bloom are inheritances from a mother who was a saint. She lies in a distant Southern grave. But she is not dead. Her spirit is radiant. The dust and daisies can do no harm to a soul that was a song.

Tonight I see her as she dreamed in her coffin. Odorous white flowers lying on her bosom, and her sweet fair brow as majestic as a queen's. Don't tell me she is dead. Such women never die. She will live, and love, and laugh long after the Rocky Mountains have crumbled into a handful of sand.

Sincerely,

I. S. J.

§ 21: AN INTRODUCTION

Dear Mary:

Your letter telling me of the Rabbi's contemplated visit to New York received at seven o'clock. I went out at eight o'clock to look at an apartment, having made an engagement with the agent for

that hour. Have just returned, having secured the apartment. It is a beauty, in a brand new building.

I am genuinely delighted over the prospect of seeing the Rabbi so soon, and trust he will not permit his mission here to monopolize him. Please ask him to write or wire me on what train he will come, and the time it is due here—also which station—as I wish to meet him. If the apartment is ready he must be my guest—and I sincerely trust he can remain over Sunday.

If it is possible, I would like to have him for dinner Saturday to meet my most loved friend in New York—C. J. K., a young lawyer of great promise. He has the proper Kidney. I know that duty will be imperious upon the Rabbi's time, and while I would not wish to divert him from such duty, or in any way interfere with his official plans, I would like him to bear in mind that I will appreciate whatever time he arranges to spend with me. The longer the better. Wish you could be here too.

I will let you know my new address tomorrow. Don't yet know it in detail. With kindest regards, and many thanks for your goodness.

Your friends, always,

I. S. J.

P.S.—When I rented the apartment last night I paid a deposit of fifty dollars, with the under-

standing that I would call today at twelve, pay the balance and sign the lease. When I called at the agent's office today, I was informed that the apartment had been rented to someone else by a sub-agent yesterday morning. So I didn't get it, after all. Am much disappointed.

Therefore, I will remain here until I can find another apartment.

I will be so happy to have the Rabbi here as my guest. All the rooms are small and plain, but they are quite comfortable and well groomed. I really think the Rabbi would enjoy the "atmosphere" of the place.

There are only six hundred rooms and vacancies are rare.

C Club occupies two hundred rooms. Try to prevail upon the Rabbi to accept my invitation—and if I have a favorable report I will reserve a room at once. I am leaving this matter in your capable hands, with the single statement that our dear friend will be conferring a great happiness upon me by being with me while he is in the city. I will not in any way impose myself upon him, but will leave him entirely free to follow out his own program.

Sincerely your faithful friend

I. S. J.

§ 22: AN APARTMENT RENTED

Dear Mary:

Has my silence tested your friendship—and outworn it? I feel sure it hasn't. Well, here's the reason why.

A retailer desired to have some very important advertisements written, I agreed to write them for him. He has literally monopolized me during the past few days. When we quit work, usually late at night, I was exhausted. My impulse to write you was strong—but my eyelids were heavy —sleep wooed me—and I yielded.

We moved this afternoon at four o'clock—into the furnished apartment. Cooked dinner! I unpacked and arranged some of my belongings. And now I am writing you—the first strokes of my pen in the new home formed the words "Dear Mary."

It can't be a long letter, because I started work at two o'clock this morning—and this is the first time I have relaxed. I have been living in a room eight feet wide and ten feet long. Jen and I now have two bedrooms, a very large living-room and a whale of a kitchen. That's not all: there are five capacious cavernous closets. An infinity of room. Space, space, space! Such a feeling of freedom, of expansion, of liberty! I have been walking, walking and walking from room to room. The living-room! It is exotic—oriental. It is done

in Japanese antique pieces. Beautiful lacquer designs decorate various cabinets and chests of drawers. We've been exploring the curious and quaint objects. The Japanese are hell for drawers. There must be a million of them here. Jen wants to know how we will ever fill them. I suggested that it might be cheaper to let them remain empty. She found some ivory thurmagigs—and exclaimed: "Papa, what are they—toothpicks?" They were exquisite chopsticks.

There is everything here—even two platform-scales and a measuring rod in the bathroom.

But no more descriptions. You will see all when you come to us. The woman from whom I rented the place is somewhat of a mystery. I judge her age to be about thirty-five. She must have been a lovely thirty-six, but she is now merging to a thirty-eight. However, Mary, she is wondrously beautiful—and a sweet nature. Her *savoir faire* is unsurpassed. Tonight she is sleeping next to me. There is nothing between us but a brick wall eight inches thick. She is with friends in the adjoining apartment. She sails day after tomorrow.

Within a day or two, perhaps three, I will resume my letters to you—and will probably write you a series of letters on a very vital and interesting subject—if you are big and broad enough—and modern enough to care for the theme—SEX—considered sensibly, scientifically, naturally—with-

out lies, false modesty and traditional prejudice. What do you say?

Very sincerely
I. S. J.

My best to the Doctor.

§ 23: SEX

Dear Mary:

What a long time it has been since I have written. I could start in by making a lot of excuses to explain my silence, but I am not going to do any such thing. When I have a correspondent who exacts real or manufactured excuses of me for not writing, I usually end by making my silence perpetual. As you no doubt realize, I am a temperamental letter writer. Sometimes I have the impulse to write five long letters a day to one person—and then comes a time when I am apathetic—and for me to write a letter when I am in that mood is almost impossible. And besides, writing to a friend should not be regulated by rule, system or method. It should be spontaneous—an irrepressible flow of the spirit—just like talking, or not talking. There are times when I like to talk, and times when I don't. Often there is more power in silence than in speech. I do not depend upon written communications to keep me in sympathetic touch with distant or ab-

sent friends. I am in mental and spiritual rapport with some of them for years without any letters being received or sent.

I am not writing to you now through any sense of duty or obligation, but simply because I am in a state of pleasant relaxation—and I wish to talk with you—to express myself to you. In fact, it would be harder, much harder, not to write, than it is to write. Well, Mary, how are you? What have you been doing? For all I know, you may be in Paris. You said you were not going, but it's so easy for a woman to do that which she says she will not do. And you are a woman.

The housekeeping progresses. I enjoy it tremendously when Jen has a girl friend who can cook with her. Jen is the worst cook that ever wasted good raw material. She cooks with one hand, holds a cookbook in the other, and divides her attention between the gas flame and the clock. A good cook has inspirations—creates "dishes" as an artist creates pictures. Imagine an artist consulting a textbook, or studying a color plate before making a brush stroke. As a painter he would be a ham.

However, Jen is trying hard, and I am encouraging her at the expense of my health. It is the first time we ever kept house without a professional cook. The work helps to fill in Jen's time—and she has attained to the state of happiness, contentment and ineffable peace that affects

the flesh at the rate of a three-pound increase per week. I go on a buying orgy occasionally and have all sorts of rich things sent home, and then we mess up the kitchen and have attacks of indigestion. But it's lots of fun.

The Rabbi promised to be with me a little more on his next visit to New York than on his last. I saw him but once—in the afternoon, and he was engaged for the evening. For this reason I was denied the pleasure of doing anything for his entertainment. I realize I can't monopolize him, but I do enjoy talking with him.

Speaking of "monopolizing"! A nice-looking girl at the drug store sells me various articles that I need from time to time. She is engaged to marry a young fellow. The last time I was in the store I said to her: "Is Harry still monopolizing you?" Her indignant reply was, "He never did, I am a good girl." Now, what in the world did she mean, or what did she think I meant?

Here's sad news. The old nose has again gone wrong. The trouble started four days ago. I had to submit to the same trying and monotonous treatment as formerly. Today, there are indications of improvement. Therefore, I am sitting up.

I understand Mrs. Eff will arrive home next Monday. Lee did not tell me. Her trip was cut short, I am told, by illness. She was not well when she started. Perhaps travel or climate did

not agree with her. I trust her indisposition is not of a serious nature.

I have been working pretty hard—and like it. My gratitude is unbounded that I am making a fairly decent living for Jen—and myself. While we don't have luxuries, except caviar, Paris perfume, expensive delicately scented soap, silk nightgowns and 1926 spring lamb, we do have the necessities and comforts of life within the purchasing power of ten thousand a year.

Ten thousand a year! How little it is today. While money earned is not my standard of merit or ability, still I feel depressed because my pen yields such a small sum. And when I was twenty-one my loftiest aspiration and most dazzling dream of achievement never dared to go beyond an expectation of one hundred dollars a month. To earn such a sum was my vision, my goal, my vision of satisfied avarice. At that time, the man whose efforts commanded such compensation had the legendary Midas touch. My imagination pictured him as a money magician. And now, earning ten times more, I regard myself a financial failure—and my friends share my opinion. Doesn't this prove the futility of material accomplishment? I am not doleful, because I am not dollar mad. Were it not for my obligations to Jen I would be wholly indifferent to money. Then I would be quite content to dwell in a city attic, or in a village cottage and express myself in the way I like,

instead of limiting myself to advertising under the dictation of sordid clients as is now the case. I would like to write about people instead of about the things they wear. Even then I would not be satisfied, because being satisfied is to drift, and to drift means spiritual disintegration. But why should I pour all these striving personal thoughts upon you?

The current of my life merges with the resistless New York seethe. It's a strong, rapid, insane course. Some men and women are caught up on the crests of the high-rolling waves. They mount higher and higher until they reach the dizzy place where they look down upon a world of hurrying, struggling humanity. Then they disappear and are replaced by others. The King is dead. Long live the King! It's the same old story of impermanence, of transcience. Everything in this world—wealth, security, glory, honor, even life itself is ephemeral. We are like insects, skirmishing, scurrying, impelled by the tug of blind impulse. Even the most learned is in the grip of the cosmic power—the child of chance, and doubt, and ignorance; the sport of Nature's Miracle.

Just a short time back—only this morning—as time is measured—there were potentates, empires, and imperial cities upon the earth of which we know nothing. Now and then an adventurous archæologist digs up one—and we are amazed at the art and wealth and archaic culture revealed.

Since our knowledge of what mere human beings accomplished this morning is so scant and meagre, what do you suppose we know about the beginning of the world—except theory? And theories are constantly being revamped and revised. The ideas of last year's scientist are just about as valuable as the ideas of last year's modiste. Nothing is as variable as scientific conviction. And now I will drop a subject of which I am so ignorant.

The letters about sex problems! I am just a little nervous about beginning them—am not sure that your mind is ready to take in the philosophy of advanced thinkers upon the subject—men and women who are extreme and radical in their advocacy of the single standard of morality—who insist, and rightly so, that the same social code should apply to both man and woman—that he has no more right to violate the ideals of purity than she. Any discussion of the subject involves plain, straightforward language—and I entertain a lingering doubt as to your open-mindedness.

We know there is too little joy in the world, too little happiness. Sadness and misery are a common lot. They are so common that by thousands of people they are considered the natural condition, the inevitable fate of humanity. Much of the shame and sufferings of men and women may be traced to sex ignorance and complexes. Economic unhappiness is open; sexual unhappiness is hidden. People in the mass do not conceal their economic

condition. They are not ashamed of their economic status; some are ready to exaggerate their poverty. Sexual misery, however, is hidden in the deepest recesses of the heart. Women especially will let their health wither and their vitality shrivel, and will not betray their secret. When a man is starving we can give him a dinner, a dollar, or a job. When a person is dying for the lack of love, we cannot offer him the exquisite remedy.

There are free bread lines, no such palliatives have been provided for the sexually starved. Hunger, thirst and sleep are instincts that we may satisfy without transgressing any moral law—the urge of the sex instinct is just as natural and intense as that of any other, but owing to religious dogma and man-made conditions, to satisfy it, except by marriage, is a vice and a crime—punished by approbrium, ostracism or imprisonment.

Frank, honest and fearless men and women know that the sexual problem is far more important than the economic problem, and they are breaking the conspiracy of silence that has made so many human beings wretched. I do not believe in prostitution, or in free love, or in coercive marriages. The rebellion against established sex injustice is manifested by four enormously important movements:

The Socialist Movement
The Sexual Reform Movement
The Woman's Movement
The Eugenist Movement

The Sexual Crisis combines and co-ordinates all these movements. And it is the Sexual Crisis that should interest all fair-minded men and women.

It was not my intention to mention the subject in this letter, but I have, and from what I have written you may form a tolerably clear idea of what I meant when I suggested writing a series of letters on the sex problem.

It is rotten of me to write you such a long letter.

Forgive me and drop me a line.

With best wishes and sincere regards

I. S. J.

§ 24: RESIGNATION

Dear Mary:

For two days I have been lying prone on my back by the doctor's order, in order to avoid the possibility of serious complications.

Am writing this while Maid Marion is giving the mattress a shakedown.

It began with a pimple on my nose, a little thing, but with a stupendous power for infecting. The infection extends nearly to my eyes. If it reaches them, blindness may follow—if it penetrates to my brain—death may be the result.

I must maintain a horizontal position in order to

accommodate the applications designed to absorb the poison.

Here's hoping for the best, but who knows *what* is best—life or death?

I. S. J.

§ 25: PRETZELS, MEN, RABBIS, AND A DAUGHTER

It is always a source of genuine happiness for one to realize that there is a woman in the world who is thinking of the absent friend. The box of pretzels is the recent evidence of your thoughtfulness—the kindness of your heart. The good will expressed in little things is what counts. Many of the large deeds of generosity are inspired by the vanity of those who indulge in them. I am unusually appreciative of the simple forms of largess. They are more spontaneous than the ostentatious ones—representing the grace of a personal thought rather than an intention to overwhelm the recipient. To give is a beautiful instinct. The heart is set with no richer jewel. Next to the joy of giving is the power to feel gratitude for the gift. Appreciation *is* pleasant. The Rabbi crystallized all the fine philosophy of giving when he quoted the sage who said all he has is what he gave.

The pretzels mean much more to me than merely pretzels. They signify that you enjoyed their taste and zest—and you wish me to share your enjoyment. While writing, I am crunching them—and enjoying them fully as much as you did.

I had a visitor today — Philip — owner and

editor of the N. H. U.—an afternoon paper. He is my dearest friend. I love him. A brilliant mind, a sweet and gentle nature. Such kind eyes. A sympathetic voice. So just, so eager to find an excuse for others' faults. Like Robert Burns, he computes the evils resisted rather than the ones committed.

Philip was a close friend of Woodrow Wilson, who admired him greatly.

I told Philip about the Rabbi. I will never be quite happy until I get these two splendid spirits together. They have much in common. In a Jew-hating community, Philip is an ardent defender of our people. In his editorials and public speeches he never lets an opportunity pass to give the Jews their just meed of praise. A Yale man—winning all the honors of his class. Men like the Rabbi and Philip give us hope, courage and illusions. Without them we could not strive on. Their mission is to expose false opinions, spread knowledge, intensify love and woo us to high ideals.

This is why we should enshrine them in our souls. They tower so heroically and majestically above men who merely mint material things into money. When I think of the quiet virtues of such men as the Rabbi and Philip I feel a disgust and contempt for the trivial achievements and vanities of those whose only claim to distinction is the amassing of wealth.

If true religion is ever infused into our national conscience it will be through the instrumentality of such men as the Rabbi and Philip. Would to God there were more of them. The few we have are hor-

ribly handicapped by poverty. Take the Rabbi as a case in point. His congregation should silence any wolf that might attempt to howl at his door.

Your note just received. My God, woman, stop it!

Before I have even made an appreciable hole in the barrel of pretzels, you write me that you have sent *cigarettes*. Curb that giving impulse that seizes you almost daily. Think how you are heaping up obligations for me to meet. Ossa upon Pelion had nothing on you. But Oriental cigarettes will put it all over Lucky Strikes. I know what they are. Their fumes rising to the brain bring pictures of Turkish opulence and luxury, of veiled odalisques wearing flowing robes and tiaras—olive skinned voluptuaries in seraglio basking in bowers of bliss. Well, if while lying in this eight by ten room I can dream of such splendors, why not?

My nose is considerably better. The redness and turgidity are rapidly subsiding. There is no longer any danger of complications arising. The doctor has discharged me. I will go out tomorow—and try to find a furnished apartment. I want one with a living-room, two bedrooms and a kitchenette, which will be large enough to accommodate Jen and me. Rentals are scaringly high in New York. I anticipate having great difficulty finding a desirable place within my means.

However, I am very hopeful of increasing my income. Just now I have only two clients. The amount they pay me I regard as grub stakes—enough for a roof and plain food; I care nothing for myself, but with all my heart I wish to give Jen a pleasant, home-

like background. Her happiness means more to me than everything else in the world.

She has just left me—after sitting with me for three hours. Such a pathetic little figure. She had a nervous breakdown last March—and is just recovering. No one but me will ever know how she suffered. Night after night I sat by her bedside. I simply loved her back to life. For days she trembled in the valley of the shadow of death.

The other day when I wrote you about an impending tragedy I had her in mind. The next day I wrote you of the infection. I am saying this to you now, so that you will understand that the dolorous tone of the first letter had no reference to my illness. I wasn't even ill when I wrote it. Just as a religious man is ready to sacrifice his all for God, so I am ready to sacrifice everything for love—for her. Mary, you cannot know how I have suffered during the past eight months. Blow after blow. I simply squared my shoulders and took them as best I could. If there be anything good in me, it has its source in sufferings. I think I have won strength by struggling against misfortune. I have had to fight, fight, fight until there came moments when I felt there was no use to struggle any longer. Then I would grow hard—dash from the coward's castle of self-pity and challenge Fate to do its darndest.

But enough of such bosh!

It is Saturday evening—the curtain of night is drawn, but it is not pinned with stars. The sky is black; Madison Avenue lies stretched before me; from

my window it seems to be a road of mystery. Wither go all the men and women who are treading it? What are their purposes, their hopes? They touch elbows—jostle one another—and each is a stranger to the other. Some are affluent; others are sick and perishing. Some are gross and bloated from prodigal eating; others are starving. It's all like a dream—a good dream blended with a bad one. Sunshine and shadows. It is life.

Sincerely,

I. S. J.

§ 26: PRETZELS AND GOITERS

Dear Mary:

My nose is now almost normal. The swelling quickly yielded to the continuous applications of hot water and Burrows' solution. I am glad to be off my back. Lying in a horizontal position three days with nose swathed in steaming cloths is a bit trying.

Both your letters received. The one from Reading just read.

Pretzels! No wonder human beings crave them. It's the savor of the salt that gives one such a strong appetite for the little spirals of crusty dough. Mrs. W. should munch them constantly. They will help cure her goiter.

Goiter is caused by lack of iodine in the thyroid gland. Salt contains iodine in appreciable quantities. Infinitely delicate and responsive tests of laboratory science show that every tissue and every part of the

body contain a small percentage of iodine. We take *it* with salt. The appearance of a goiter is simply a signal that the thyroid gland is not receiving its needed supply of iodine. Pretzels will supply it.

Science describes three ways of eating iodine.

The consumption of sea food, the consumption of sheep and cattle that graze on grasses that grow in salt meadows, and the inhalation of ocean spray and breezes—and now we may add a fourth—the consumption of pretzels. I'll wager you will not find a pretzel-eating person in all Reading who has a goiter.

Pernicious Goiters Yield to
A Liberal Pretzel Diet.

That's a good headline for a pretzel factory that desires to put out an advertising campaign.

You write rather discouragingly about your business. What's the matter? If your public is losing interest in your enterprises there must be some reason. First, find the reason, then the remedy. I don't like the spirit in which you speak of the business. You depreciate your own work. Is such an attitude due to modesty, or is it the expression of conviction on your part that you are not measuring up to your earlier standard—or is it simply a pose that you assume?

You should be honest with yourself and just to the business. What sort of a complex are you up against? Put your finger on the weakness—and permit nothing to keep you from strengthening it.

Perhaps you need a change of policy—the introduc-

tion of new personalities—a revision of merchandising methods—a more direct and urgent advertising appeal.

Times change and woe betide the man or woman who doesn't change with them. Old ideas, once effective, become obsolete and lose power. It is clear that you have problems. They demand scientific examination and practical intelligent treatment.

In regard to my visiting Harris City in February. Under certain conditions it would be a pleasure. There must be no lionizing, not even a suggestion of it. You must not try to sell me to your friends. Just let it be a visit to you—and the Rabbi. Whomever I meet I will meet casually, informally without exploitation. I intensely dislike personal advertising. I will be just an old friend spending a few days in Harris City.

I wouldn't think of disarranging the Rabbi's domestic routine by imposing myself on his privacy. And I hesitate to put you to any entertaining trouble or inconvenience. Nor would I wish to take your attention from your business. In fact, we can discuss the business situation, and perhaps find just where the trouble lies.

Sincerely,
I. S. J.

§ 27: THE HAREM

Dear Mary:

Saturday evening I went to the Eff's for dinner.

Mrs. W. was there. She wore a bewildering Patou dress—a dazzling creation, ablaze with jewels caught on gold lace.

There was an affinity between the gown and the woman—fiery, scintillating, daring. The rubies, rhinestones, amethysts and emeralds flashed in different angles of electric lights like a various colored tulip bed in sunshine after a shower. A brilliant robe worn by a brilliant woman.

I remained Saturday night, Sunday and Sunday night. Was kept busy with several matters all day, ate an early dinner, and planned to write you when it was finished, and return immediately afterwards. I had just settled down to write when the telephone buzzed. It was a friend who insisted on having me go to the theatre with him. I put down the pen—and dressed—and we went to the play. Have just returned.

The play was the last stench in stage filth; muck-reeking in a setting of rose and ivory—putrid smut adorned with silk and feathers. If swine, wallowing in fetid nastiness, had the power of speech they would slosh and sposh the bilge to which I listened tonight.

Any man who has known the love of a good woman can't help resenting the foul slime that the author and actors splashed upon married life. They would have us think it is based upon passion and sexual hysteria.

It is incomprehensible that Ell You should lend her rich talent to such sewerage and hogwash. One would think after sitting through a play like this one that the bond between husband and wife was dependent upon

lust, carnality and lasciviousness. It isn't. The play debauches and defiles every fine ideal of love.

The sentiments are such as one would expect to hear expressed at a brothel—a house of ill fame instead of at a theater of good fame.

Decent men don't want their wives to emulate prostitutes and strumpets who are Cyprians, Jezebels, Messalinas and Phyrnes because of their commercial instinct. Not even a *cocotte* or *grisette* is necessarily a wanton. I. S. J.

§ 28: MIND—MONEY—SEX AGAIN

Dear Mary:

It is seven o'clock Saturday evening. I have just returned from New Haven, where I went to collect a thousand dollars due me from a former client there. Mr. K. went with me. A purely technical point made our effort unsuccessful. However, there is little doubt but that I will get it within a month. Last night I read a very intense story by B. E. W. It was about a pickpocket. The cleverness of the plot made a deep impression on my mind.

This morning I got two hundred and fifty dollars from Lee Eff in payment for services. I had to go to Brooklyn—while going through the tunnel on the subway, I suddenly put my hand in the pocket that I supposed contained my "roll." It was not there. I am sure my pocket was picked. I am sorry I read the story. It must have helped me to create an atmosphere

that made me an easy prey for some "gent" of digital dexterity.

It was a nice little tragedy.

I'll never again "tote" a bunch of loose bills around in my invitational and accessible pants' pocket.

The department—I mean the apartment is now in the pink of perfection, and I am looking forward to a visit from you. When you come, we'll try to have Mrs. H. and Mr. K. with us.

Flora is a dear. She is so equable, so serene, and so smiling. And she has lots of personality, and magnetism and such an aristocratic pair of feet. The arch is thoroughbred Spanish. Patrician in every contour. However, feet are not vital to loveliness. Her sweet nature is her happiest charm. She is all that you said she is—gentle, kind, cordial, winsome—the sort of woman that makes a good friend to man or woman. To be near her is like lingering in genial sunshine.

You are thinking that I have forgotten that article, but I haven't.

It is entitled "An Appreciation of Mary Ess' Atelier," and is signed "I. S. J."

I hope it will be ready to send to you by Tuesday.

I trust you understood me when I informed you that I contemplated writing you a series of letters on the subject of "Sex." I have made somewhat of a study of its psychology and pathology. Both are little understood—especially by women.

The truth has been kept from them—to their sorrow.

Many of the most cultured and best educated women have no scientific knowledge of sex problems. And, if

for no other than physiological reasons, they should be enlightened. There is my own daughter, for example. I began with her when she was ten years of age, and gradually taught her all she should know about herself. As she grew older I gave her profound and analytical critiques about our sex life to read—and we discussed them frankly and freely as we would have discussed the binomial theorem in algebra, or Newton's theory of color. There was no secrecy between us, no false, mawkish modesty. There isn't any now. Her knowledge of sex matters was not gained from half-informed and vulgar girls nor from salacious books—but, because her mother was dead, from her father. I regarded it as far more important to have her understand the functions and care of the organs of reproduction than her hair, teeth and hands.

You are close to women, you are an employer of young women. Other women depend upon you for beautiful clothes with which to adorn their forms. You are interested in their happiness—in their health.

You are also a progressive citizen—a property owner. You are concerned in the material and moral growth of your community. Therefore, you should be familiar with the significant movement among brave men and women to draw aside the veil of mystery that has hidden truth from so many. These social reformers are absorbed in elaborating some method of protection better than that afforded by the double code of sexual morality. They are attacking that old standard, because the maxims and traditions of the unfair duplex ideal are of no practical value for our

guidance today. For us to use them is just as stupid as it would be for you to go to Reading in an ox-cart instead of a Buick coupe.

N. H. City is very much excited over a killing that took place three days ago. A young man took a sixteen-year-old girl motoring. He deflowered the child. She returned home and told her parents. The father —disowned her—cast her out of the home. In due time she gave birth to a baby.

The ruined girl's mother remained loyal. Meanwhile, the seducer married. Last Wednesday, the unmarried mother met the father of her baby as he was coming out of a theatre, and demanded that he contribute to the support of the baby. He repulsed and cursed her. She pulled a pistol out of her bag and shot him five times—killing him.

Disillusionment itself is hard enough to bear, and the rupture of sexual relations usually involves severe suffering. Why should the matter be made worse by the addition of social ostracism and parental censure? What two human beings have in common, what draws them together, and what leads them to separate can be understood by themselves alone, and are matters of purely private concern.

The father of the girl, in repudiating her, was a victim of ignorance and prejudice. He has much to regret. Had he been true to a finer and nobler instinct of fatherhood and humanity he would have sympathized with his daughter, and under the conditions, she might have survived her experience only to gain strength and self-confidence, to become freer and more

secure. We allow our sexual life to be regulated by those who know absolutely nothing about it.

Now, Mary, I will not proceed with this subject. It may have no interest for you. It has none for me as being of individual importance. My interest in it is broader than that. I am thinking of no person, but of society.

How is our Rabbi? He said he would be in New York in early March. Please tell him to give me advance information so that I can meet his train. I expect him to be my guest—and if he will do me that honor—I will wholly eliminate myself, leaving him entirely free to fill his engagements—and follow out his own plans and movements. Give him my best regards.

Also remember me to old man G. I hope his side of the Temple will show a large preponderance of worshipers—of devotees at the sacred shrine of Israel and Philip.

I believe that Temples, Churches and other religious centers should be advertised.

We should put out a booklet—something beautiful and impressive. If the Rabbi thinks well of the idea, I will write it, under his directions, design it and have it printed—at my expense. Do you think the idea good?

With best wishes.

I. S. J.

§ 29: SEX AND MARRIAGE: ROMANCE

Dear Mary:

From the beginning of human history men and women have had the instinct that a fenced enclosure was required for the mysterious process of the sexual life.

The essence of marriage is a common domestic association. It is not the birth of a child, but the publicly acknowledged domestic life in common that makes the sexual companionship permanent.

Passionate love is good today and bites tomorrow. An enduring companionship cannot be built up on a foundation of erotic stimuli. Home rests on mutual helpfulness, spiritual and intellectual congeniality—and not on the sexual relationship.

Under present conditions women are driven to marriage. They are coerced—forced to marry. A ban is placed upon any other sexual relationship than the officially recognized one of legal marriage. On the other hand marriage is made more and more difficult by burdens that involve individual hardships and sacrifice. The ideal of marriage is release from the struggle of existence. Today, except in rare instances, it is a shackle, a handicap in the social conflict, or a sordid commercial speculation.

Mercenary marriages, enforced celibacy of persons fit for procreation, and the immoral intimacies carried on in secret co-operate to poison the best springs of human energy.

With all its dangers and sorrows marriage affords

the best guarantee for sexual security. It provides regular sensual gratification without trouble—free from the need of expending time and energy in seeking new sexual partners.

Outside the limits of legal marriage it is extremely difficult to attain to a normal sexual life. Illegitimate sexual intercourse entails social dangers, and dangers to body and mind. Moreover, such intercourse is usually irregular, episodical and threatened by many unpleasant possibilities. Marriage offers the best regulated and relatively the safest sexual life.

In the modern world the demands upon a man's working powers are very exacting. He has to face troubles, solve problems, perform tasks, meet alarms of every possible kind; and he has to do all these things with very little time to spare. Except under the form of marriage, an institution which provides a favorable environment with his wife, it is difficult for him to find time, opportunity, and inclination for sexual gratification in any other way than that of casual and irregular prostitution. In the urgency of sexual need he has recourse to prostitution as the only door of escape. Even intimacy with a lower middle-class girl of sympathetic disposition is a relation into which he is increasingly averse to enter; and a woman in his own station in life, willing to give herself to him on terms of perfect equality and independence, is by the modern man actually shunned. The modern man is far more likely to enter into a permanent intimacy with a paid "mistress."

We are told that it is impossible for a woman worthy

of respect to give herself to a man unless she is inspired by a "great love." It is not considered admissible that a woman should give herself to a man under the influence of a refined, joyous, tender and delicate emotion without any expectation of marrying him.

Today I called on a friend. I found a man and his wife in his office—a youngish couple. The wife is about thirty, but doesn't look it; the husband under forty. My friend insisted that we go to luncheon with him.

We went to the Biltmore. The conversation turned upon the subject—Are many husbands faithful to their wives—and are wives faithful to their husbands? I didn't join in the discussion—felt that my opinion and my ideal would not be understood, so remained silent. The subject, of course, did not offend me, but I was shocked by the ignorance displayed by the other two. They could see nothing but the material and physical issue involved. The wife was very skeptical, saying that scarcely any husband is true to his wife—but if *her* husband indulged in the slightest infidelity she would leave him. My friend stated that he liked to play around with different women, but he never had any desire to possess any of them, and that if a woman took his attentions seriously, and presumed on their friendly associations he lost no time in telling her where to "get off."

We must doubtless make many other fights in behalf of morality, but such daily ardor that rages is a certain sign that God neither has given nor will give to man the noble gift of loyalty to one woman unless it

will be the outcome of his free will. No woman, not even if she is his wife, should be forced upon him. During the impulses of Nature implanted in man by God, it is impossible to be true to an unloved woman, for flesh and blood are merely flesh and blood, and inclinations and the longing of the flesh have their own way.

The fiction that, under conditions legalized and conventionalized, the course of sexual life is all that can be desired is maintained with stubborn determination. Most married couples live in a state of continual friction. All of us see people endeavoring to shake off their marriage bonds, tacitly evading them, or openly taking flight.

Here is a picture of a woman I know who advocates free love. Having the courage of her conviction she doesn't stop at simply advocating it, but, within reasonable limits, she practices it. Now don't immediately conclude that she is a prostitute—for she isn't.

The distinction between free love and prostitution is very generally regarded as an artificial one. The confusion between the two depends upon the economic basis of both states. The economic basis of a free relationship may give it such a color as to lead you to regard it as equivalent to prostitution. You probably think that when a woman who has given herself to a man for love, goes on to accept material aid from him, her position is that of a prostitute. I regard such a view as false, unnatural and hypocritical, but it is widely prevalent.

This woman is a good friend of mine—and she is

welcome to visit Jen whenever she wishes—and she does. Since her husband's death, she has for seven years practically lived with a married man whose wife and children reside in Europe. She is beautiful, refined, cultured and has many friends from whom she does not conceal her manner of living. No one objects to her "free love" relationship except her father, who has a narrow mind.

One of the main purposes of legal marriages is for husbands to maintain their wives. The critics of free unions seem to think that such unions ought to be distinguished from legal marriages by the renunciation of their most reasonable consequence, the support of the woman. Thus only, it is said, can the free union escape the stigma of prostitution.

In prostitution the relationship is purely a commercial transaction. The sexual act involves no sentiment, or even sympathy. The man gives money, and the woman furnishes the use of her body. But when in a free-love intimacy the woman is maintained by the man, it is not unnatural, unsocial or immoral. As soon as a woman is legally married she has no scruples about accepting money from a man, and asks for it whenever she wants it without the shadow of a shame.

Women who prefer a free-love life to that of a legal wifehood should get as much money as possible from their man, because the more money a man has invested in a woman, the more valuable she is to him.

As a rule women of fine type very rarely seek relief from erotic privations except through legal marriages, for no such woman can joyfully give herself

to a man without legal sanction if she feels that for the very reason she has thus given herself the man will, next morning, despise her. It is this masculine incapacity to enjoy to the end the ardent beauty of the love intimacy which forces many women voluntarily to renounce sexual indulgence.

Of course, I have only touched this subject. There is, for instance, the "anomalous" woman. She is very interesting. But I will not write about her—nor will I again refer to sex problems. There are many of them, but I am sure you are not in sympathy with my views—so why bore you?

A company has been formed to market my productions and to relieve me of all details except the creative part. I am not sure that I will commit myself to the plan. While it is possible that such a company can, by organizing a competent sales staff, secure a large volume of business, and I would be free to design and write, without being compelled to devote so much time and effort to the mechanical end, still I fear that the result would rob the work of my individuality. I do no soliciting—and when negotiating with a prospective client I charge moderately for my services—making it a rule to give more than I agree to. In other words, I never skimp the art element in the interests of fancied economy. For example; for March K's "Witchery" is very beautiful. In order to get the effect I am spending sixty dollars out of my own pocket on the issue. It is now being printed. I am afraid a company would be opposed to such "extravagance."

The proposition is for them to secure clients for me on a fifty-fifty basis. Another objection is that I have my own ideas about manufacturing—and if the company gets the business anticipated I would not have time personally to direct the manufacturing. Will decide that matter in two or three days.

I have made up twenty samples to be used for selling. Nothing like them ever before seen. They are ideally French in treatment and represent exquisite art in advertising. I wish you could see them. They include many lines—Dresses, Gloves, Perfume, Hairdressing, Umbrellas, Handkerchiefs, Purses, Bags, Jewelry, Men's Clothing, Shoes, Millinery. All are very beautiful.

The preceding pages were written yesterday.

Today at noon I was walking on Fifth Avenue, when someone touched me on the sleeve. I turned to see who she was, and saw the woman whom I had met yesterday at my friend's office.

We had luncheon together.

She is a rare type—not beautiful, but nice looking.

Tremendous personality, tremendous intellectuality, entertaining broad theories but, owing to early education, environment and the intense love she bears her children, she is true to the most rigid laws of conventionality. She is what I call an intellectual courtesan—the mentality of a Plato combined with the sex impulse of a panther and the refinement of exquisite femininity. This volcanic, fiery and voluptuous woman is held in leash by habits of morality and a vital maternal instinct.

Her effluvia, or electric fluid, or personal pollen reacted on my mental, spiritual and passionate nature like philosophy, poetry and a hot blast diffused by an odalisque. Her husband is a fine, easy-going, wealthy and generous clod, but he doesn't speak her language. He doesn't even know the real woman he monopolizes.

Among other things, she said: "If I had money of my own I would take my children, and go away and live my own life—but I would never do anything to make my children blush for their mother." So you see, the continuance of her married state rests upon her economic dependence.

She reminds me, not of the priestesses of the Cyprian Venus who were tolerated prostitutes who gave themselves to sexual promiscuity under religious sanction and state regulation, but of the free hetairae, who threw off the yoke of both religion and state and lived in intercourse with friends of their own choosing—usually artists or poets. The most endowed women of the time, those with the finest gifts for love and art, adopted this profession. Leontium was the beloved of Epicurus, and by the philosopher and his pupils she was worshipped as almost divine. Her essays aroused the wonder of Cicero. Aspasia taught rhetoric; the leading men of her time were her pupils and lovers. Nikarete was passionately devoted to geometry, and refused herself to no one who could solve an algebraic equation for her.

The woman I have been describing to you is a modern Leontium, Aspasia and Nikarete—she feels all the sexual strivings they felt, she has the mentality they

had, but owing to habit and environment she is not a trafficker in love.

Did you ever hear of the "Costigianas"? They were women who succeeded the "peccatrice"—the woman of sin. The costigiana devoted herself to intellectual cultivation, and was absorbed in the nobler side of life. She learned languages, was a musician, a poet and was loved. She became a woman of property, surrounded by a circle of distinguished men. She was bound to her friends, not through eroticism alone, but also by the ties of human comradeship. She despised an ordinary marriage, but gave the world beautiful and talented children.

These women exercised great care in selecting the fathers of their children. At that period there was no organized society to condemn the women for an act committed by a woman *and a man.*

I wish to tell you about one other woman.

Just five years ago I was a party to a free union.

The other party to it was a woman of great beauty and brilliancy. The bond between us lasted seven years.

She had intended to sing in grand opera. She studied in Italy, Germany and France under the best teachers for five years. She had a wonderful voice and a fine dramatic sense—but she was too indolent to continue the hard work and sacrifice of pleasure essential to success. Her friends in New York were mostly musical celebrities. She entertained them constantly.

At one of her Sunday evening receptions I met a

Russian girl about twenty years of age. She was beautiful and cultured—sweet and good. Her name was Waba.

Then there was Embee—a charming young girl from the South—her father being wealthy and socially prominent. Embee was engaged to marry the young brother of the woman I loved. He was a flyer and was killed during the war. Embee and Waba lived together in a small apartment uptown. Embee was a gorgeous blonde, and Waba a ravishing brunette. Both were studying for the opera. These two girls had a dull time in New York, because they were uncompromisingly conventional. Men were attracted by them, but when they learned that they were invincibly true to their standards they withdrew the attentions. Embee did not have much of a voice, but Waba—her voice was simply without serious rivalry. That was the opinion of the best critics in New York. While she was Russian, she looked and acted like a French girl.

Here is her history. Her father was a wealthy Russian official—a close friend of an American diplomat. Waba's entire family was slain during a war riot—her father, mother, two sisters and a brother. She escaped, and the American took charge of her—and brought her to this country.

The diplomat became ill on the homeward voyage and died soon after his arrival, but before the end, he sent for his most intimate friend who controls a leading theatre here. To him he entrusted Waba, exacting from him a promise that he would support

her and give her a musical education. This man was not interested in the child—regarded her as a useless charge, but gladly providing the money for her support and education did not concern himself in any other way about her life. He thought his obligations of friendship were met when he sent her generous checks every month. As Waba matured, and studied, her voice grew in volume and richness.

I took her to dinner one evening. She was sad, heart-broken, lonely, miserable. In her own words—life with her was all work, no play—American men would not go with her, unless she allowed them to take liberties with her fresh, youthful charm. There was no romance, no poetry, no sentiment in her life—she wanted to die and so on, and so on. She had grown delicate and frail, and her broken health, the result of suppression, threatened to endanger the purity of her voice.

I returned to N. H. City, but Waba's woes bore down on me—so I decided to put some color into her life.

I wrote a letter, stating that I was a young man trying to make a living by writing short stories—that I had seen her at a musicale, and had heard her sing at a recital—that her beauty and talents enthralled me—that I could not ask to call because I was too poor even to invite her to a movie, or a cheap dinner—but I could write to her under an assumed name.

I placed the letter in an envelope, sealed it—then put it in another envelope and sent it to a friend in New York who mailed it. I wrote to Waba two or

three letters every week for nearly two years, signing them "Mizpah." During that period I saw her several times. She told me about her unknown admirer —showed me some of the letters. She was enraptured with them. Some of my descriptions of her entranced her. The letters were life to her—they filled her thoughts by day and her dreams by night.

The time came for her to go to Paris to continue her studies—I still write her occasionally and I presume the letters are forwarded to her. She is still in Paris and it won't be long before the world will ring with her fame. Her voice is simply peerless. She told me several times that she lived only to sing and read the letters she receives from "Mizpah."

There is another chapter to the story, but as it involves someone else, I don't feel at liberty to reveal it.

It would break Waba's heart if she learned that her idealized and beloved "Mizpah" is her fatherly "Meestaire J."

I gave her what she hungered for—ROMANCE.

In the letters I am an impecunious young genius—a literary beggar—earning a haphazard living with my pen—at times starving, at other times feasting on herring, or liver, or tripe—but inspired by the hope of sometime making money—triumphing over adversities—and marrying her. She is my star—the flower of my life. I rhapsodize over her enchanting loveliness—her purity—her great gift of song.

Of course, I sometimes knew of her movements—where she had been, and with whom she had been. "Mizpah" utilized such information, thus giving

reality to the letters. For example, I took Waba and Embee to see a play. The following day she had a letter from "Mizpah," who had seen her in the throng, had followed her to the theatre, and had gone into the gallery from which vantage point he had gazed down upon the top of her shapely, Grecian, proud head, dowered with its wealth of lustrous ebon hair, and had dreamed of the time when he could sit beside her in the orchestra.

Embee talked with me about the letters, saying that they were the passion that ruled Waba. When one of them came, she trembled and her eyes shone; when none was received she was restless and feverish and contracted with unhappiness. She was consumed as by a fire until the postman arrived, and if he brought no letter she relapsed into a condition of lassitude and despair. Every letter caused her to expand with an inexplicable joy and ardor—and on such days she sang like a thrush. Of course, Embee had no idea that she was talking to "Mizpah."

The letter is growing and white paper is increasing in price, but I must explain the pictures of the dressed-up dancing women.

A friend of mine has just returned from a six-year stay in Africa—roaming through the interior. He is an artist and botanist—and went to the mysterious Continent to study and paint the queen flowers and trees and shrubs that abound there. He also painted many of the native women—and half-breeds, the latter the offspring of derelict sailors and traders.

He says that according to our standards, they dress

immodestly, but that many of them are fastidiously modest.

To one of the dancing girls, who was practically nude, he described how European women dressed. She expressed astonishment and remarked that she was too modest to wear such clothes. The originals of these pictures are water colors—and you see them here reproduced by the four-color printing process. He tells many weird stories concerning the customs of the various tribes—especially strange ideas they observe in regard to marriage. I am almost inclined to think he made a more comprehensive analysis of the African women than he did of the flora there. Anyway, he has little to say of the turf, and verdure, and bosks, and brakes, and swamps, and jungles and a whole lot to tell about the Mongrel women. But he is a gifted artist—and should devote himself to the brush exclusively.

Of course, Mary, I am a colossal damn fool to write you such a long letter, for no one short of genius can make more than two pages interesting, and here is my pen gliding over the eleventh. The surface of this paper is extremely receptive to the peculiar point of my pen, and so by the simple and natural manipulations of my thumb and forefinger I continue to spill ink.

You see, writing letters is my sole vice. It is a great sin for which I will have to answer some day. And, since you are my only correspondent, it is your horrible fate to receive the brunt of my elaborate form of self-expression. However, without any attempt to

place the guilt upon you—or pass the buck—you are greatly to blame for my epistolary indulgence, because you have requested me to continue sending the letters to you. But, I will admit you could not have foreseen that I would ever inflict one having the bulk of this one.

Rather tough on you. And I'll stop now.

Your friend,

I. S. J.

§ 30: THREE SHORT TELEGRAMS AND TWO LETTERS

Miss M. S.:

Leaving here at one o'clock. Will come to store.

I. S. J.

Miss M. S.:

I can't go. It isn't business that prevents. It isn't because I don't wish to. I do wish to. It isn't my fault. I was ready to go to the station and then I found I couldn't. I am sorry, very sorry.

I. S. J.

Miss M. S.:

I just couldn't make it; the obstacle was not busines nor was it illness—the usual makeshift excuses resorted to for not keeping an engagement. Please think of me as your friend who was in trouble, a trouble augmented by grief. Several new matters have arisen to increase my unhappiness. Am so anx-

ious to have a revealing talk with you and the Rabbi if you are not too much hurt and disgusted with me. Let me come to see you any day after Monday. I may leave New York. I don't want to. Am too nervous to write. When may I come? Your friend always.

I. S. J.

Dear Rabbi:

I had planned to start for Harris City Friday, at ten o'clock. Business unexpectedly arose, and I was compelled to change the hour of my departure to one o'clock. Sent a wire to that effect.

Packed my bag, and went for Jen—and *it was then* that I learned I would have to abandon the trip.

I had anticipated having such a pleasant time with you and Miss S. *What can* I say to dear Mary? She has been so good to me. I feel under many obligations to her. Please help me. Tell her that you understand why I disappointed both of you. Am at my wit's end—in the depth—don't know what to do. Have been offered a job in a small Southern city, and I may relinquish larger possibilities by accepting it.

This is the first time I have ever utterly surrendered to despair and grief.

This is being written at four o'clock Saturday morning. Haven't been in bed—perhaps when I get a few hours' sleep I will be able to pull myself together.

Sincerely,

I. S. J.

Dear Rabbi:

Just stepped into my room, and discovered that I had your fountain pen.

I carry mine in the top pocket of my vest. This morning I saw a pen lying on the floor, and I thought it was mine—and had dropped out of the pocket of the vest which was lying crumpled up on a chair. I picked it up, and put it in my pocket. I now find that it was *yours*—having rolled off the table. Am returning it in a separate enclosure.

Trust my error has not inconvenienced you.

This is not a letter—only a line to relieve your anxiety about the pen, in case you have missed it.

Hope you did not think I had deliberately swiped it.

Had a pleasant trip back to New York—and find the weather as beautiful as the kind described by novelists who put the action of their stories in southern France during the fragrant months of April, May and June. All my impressions of Harris City and the people I met there are delightful—thanks to "Philip and Mary." You know there were a William and Mary. The Mary of the old combination introduced highboys from Holland into England. The Mary of the modern combination dispensed highballs—also lowballs—the latter a blend of the juice of Florida oranges and Holland gin.

Now, old scout, I wish you to know in your heart that the brief contact with you gave a decided impetus to my dormant spiritual and idealistic nature—stimulating the finer qualities of my mind. The atmosphere

downstairs and upstairs was clean and sweet, and its influence was refreshing.

Much of my recent experiences has been with vulgarians, and the effect is coarsening. I must free myself from such bonds and seek more beautiful associations.

Mary is a peach of a hostess. And when I say "peach" I extend English to the very limit of its power.

I wish to be her friend, and I wish her to be my friend always. It is my belief that the surest way to hold a friend is to make no demands—to resist being placed under obligations. But Mary is so generous, so instinctively enthusiastic in her big-hearted way that this will be difficult to do. She has already showered me with favors and courtesies and, in a way, I am unable to reciprocate. However, my turn may come later.

Give her my love—and the same to you.

Your friend,

I. S. J.

§ 31: THE DAUGHTER ARRIVES

Dear Mary:

Nothing, save death, will prevent me from starting for Harris City Friday at ten.

Will bring Jen with me. She needs everything—from hat to hose—and I wish to buy them at your shop—at regular prices.

Didn't write to Mr. Little on the subject we dis-

cussed. After talking it over with his lawyer, decided to wait until he comes to New York—and then take it up with him.

Give my regards to the Rabbi.

Have much to talk over with you,

Your friend,

I. S. J.

§ 32: NEARLY A BOOK

Dear Mary:

Yesterday I started to finish the article that I began in Harris City.

When it was completed I decided to make it into a book. Have been working on it all day. Had coffee and sandwiches sent to my room. Couldn't stop—was too absorbed. Hope to have it ready by Tuesday. It requires the utmost care. Am almost a nervous wreck. That's the way I work.

This production is flooded with my blood.

With all good wishes,

I. S. J.

Dear Mary:

In the enclosed book the entire idea has been crudely developed. The article, typewritten, is in the center of the book. It is meant to be set in type to fill pages 2, 3 and 4. Your name is on the inside of the back cover.

The other books are simply "dummies" to illus-

trate the possibilities of the treatment. Look at the silhouettes in them on the title page.

Please do not think I wish to sell you a quantity of any of these books. They are beautiful and original and I have enjoyed creating them. When you have finished with the "dummies" may I have them back?

Sincerely,

I. S. J.

§ 33: AN ATELIER—A STUDIO

An Appreciation of M. S.' Atelier

In the United States there are emporiums, establishments, department stores, merchandising institutions, trading corporations and specialty shops. They represent many interests, various degrees of enterprise, and are in different stages of development or decline. But on a tour of investigation and observation, extending throughout every State east of the Rocky Mountains, I discovered but one center of retail activity that deserves to be classified as an "Atelier." In English, it is spelled studio.

I found it in the quaint, historically rich, Harris City on-the-Susquehanna.

* * *

That which follows takes no account of M. S., the *woman*. It is an inadequate attempt to put into words the projection of her artistry, as it is expressed in her work.

M. S.'s studio is an anomaly. The paradox is in the fact that the controlling motive of her business is *not* business. Perhaps it is for this reason that it is a notable business success. The dominant note in her shop is not the crude and sordid one usually articulated in goods-selling. The sales impulse is deliberately suppressed. To all intents and purposes it plays no part in her plan.

Instead of wooing and coaxing visitors into making purchases, a courteous reserve and restraint mark the speech and manner of the service women, who display merchandise with the unstudied graciousness that always characterizes the attitude of well-bred hostesses toward guests.

* * *

These words are not meant to advertise M. S., and the exquisite frocks, coats, hats, shoes, gloves, hose, lingerie, perfumes and toilet exotics in her dainty compartments and crystal cases.

Neither shall I endeavor to paint a word-picture of her *bijou* shops done in black-and-gold.

They are concrete, material elements—the canvas and the pigments of the picture.

My pen is dipped into the inkwell to catch, and translate into easy phrases, the elusive *SPIRIT* that prevails, because it is the aura—the atmosphere—of M. S.—an impalpable something *felt,* rather than seen —that impresses visitors so potently.

* * *

Nor is there a place in this chapter for a description of M. S.' humble and obscure start in life, nor

for her success in terms of money. She is not oppressed by the memory of her early hardships. The old days of staring poverty, and thwarted aspirations do not babble to disturb the serenity of the present; nor is she exultant as she contemplates the generous financial reward which is the fruit rather than the end of her brilliant leadership. The self-imposed task of this writer is to tell of the reaction upon him of one woman's mental effluvia—to interpret the materialized dream of what a store should be, spiritually and ethically, according to the ideal of M. S.

How did she realize her vision? The answer may be easy to a psychologist, but to the average mind it is fraught with mystery.

The explanation is that her achievements are the results of Concentration and Personality—the continuous effort to intensify individuality.

In Paris everything is *style.* A writer's book is *style;* a player's acting is *style;* a painter's picture is *style;* a musical composition is *style,* a shop's routine is *style.* The retributive result is French artificiality —a sort of natural pretense and affectation. In New York everything is galvanic and dynamic. The universal Gotham slogan is: "Give it punch." A dazzling indiscretion rages. Movements, both sacred and secular, are either a riot, or they assume a mechanical rigidity. Naturalness is subordinated to hysteria. It is notorious that even art and taste are regulated by thrills. The normal in Paris pulls towards style; in New York it thumps toward sensationalism.

* * *

M. S. has had the audacity to be different—to be natural. She did not design her store to be a distraction—but a relaxation—a place where women are spared from the tactics of merchants whose horizons are limited by the rim of a dime. The two types bring back an old Weber and Field skit. A "has-been" incapable of continuing in business, impersonated by Weber, complained of the public's neglect. Field would reply: "You don't look neglected, you look *forgotten.*"

* * *

M. S.' business is in the grasp of an idealization. To accomplish this did not involve a slow and tedious process. It did not take her long to demonstrate that naturalism is more effective than sensationalism. Her shop is as natural as any defined, well-ordered home. Merchandise is shown upon request, but no one is ever importuned to purchase.

This method is a temperamental extension of the woman—a manifestation of her ideas, and, therefore, an indulgence of form of self-expression.

In both theory and practice she bids all welcome to her shop—but when they come they are treated as guests. She exercises her best judgment and discrimination in the selection of beautiful merchandise, and since her visitors are guests, she considers it a breach of hospitality to sell anything to them. Her advice and the advice of her assistants are given when requested, and her guests are free to *buy* or not.

M. S. has concentrated on giving an artistic—yes,

a professional—service. Her persistency in following this ideal has expanded her personality.

* * *

This is what M. S. says to the public:

> Come; stroll about; look about. Don't feel as if our eyes are on your pocketbook. You can study the styles; you can see the seers; you can go or come, hurry or loiter and not for a moment feel like an intruder. We wish to make our shop more like home than anywhere else you can go outside your own roof.
>
> The personal interest we cultivate to please you, and your appreciation of our efforts in that direction create the store atmosphere. You feel it the moment you enter. In fact, you bring much of it in with you.
>
> The public was never before so patient and reasonable. There is scarcely any friction. When misunderstandings occur they are easily and pleasantly adjusted. That's because you recognize the fairness of our policy, and we recognize the justice of your demands.

After quoting the above word, I think it a great opportunity for me to make my exit.

I. S. J.

§ 34: THE GENIUS FOR FRIENDSHIP

Dear Mary:

This is Saturday evening—March 21st—the birthday of Spring—and also *my* birthday. Only sixty-one years ago I was born under very harrowing and tu-

multuous circumstances. March was named by the Romans after Mars—the God of War. In the old Roman calendar, March was the *first* month of the year. The Romans made it such, because war, to them, was a very important and continuous event. Therefore, they gave the month, bearing the name of their God of War, first place. I first saw the smoke of battle in Atlanta. Sherman and his army, marching from the sea, arrived in Atlanta on the same day I did. I heard the roar of musketry, and the shouts of victorious Yankee soldiers as they fired the devoted city and watched it burn. My bed was shaken by the violent explosions, and I remember having thought that I had entered upon a noisy and confused world, and during a span of sixty-one years, my experiences have confirmed that infantile conviction.

Perhaps you will forgive me if I indulge in a bit of a homily on my birthday. A little moralizing and self-examination now and then bring out the grace of philosophy, and are constructive to one's spiritual nature.

Out of the clash and smash of my life, one conclusion stands out conspicuously. It is that the great force, the rarest power, and the finest quality lie, not in Love, or Wealth, or Fame, or Success, but in FRIENDSHIP.

The genius for Friendship is not given to many. This is why we, as individuals, have only a few *real* friends.

Love is far less satisfactory than Friendship. It involves so many emotional crises, brews so many

tragedies and disappointments, engenders so many insanities and reacts so bitterly upon many who become victims of its agonizing lure. Friendship is calm, rational and beautiful. It inspires self-sacrifice, even self-immolation. What patriotism is to the citizen, friendship is to the man.

Pure friendship is disinterested. It has no axe to grind, and has nothing up its sleeve. It is gentle, considerate, consistent and generous. A friend is loyalty incarnate, and thrives on the misfortunes and vicissitudes of poor, weak, erring humanity. I know the weaknesses, the temperamental infirmities, the moral deficiencies, the egotism and the intolerance of some men and women—and still I am their friend. While grieving over their shortcomings I do not withdraw the sympathy of my friendship.

The fact is, nearly all my friends are impossible people. They are burdened with faults, but their general rotten natures are relieved by a few fine and beautiful traits that command my appreciation and allegiance, and so, in spite of their perversities, I recognize their virtues, and accord them my friendship. Of course, friendship is often heavily taxed. We can't avoid being the receptacle—the waste basket, of our friends' ill humor, injustices, tyrannies, impositions and frayed nerves. If we are friends, we have to stand the gaff—and take the bitter with the sweet. Sentimental and mawkish affection is to friendship what the water in a stagnant pool is to the sparkling water that bubbles in a living spring.

There is honor among thieves, but not often—and

there is faith among friends—but not often. More men are qualified by instinct to be thieves than friends. The word "friend" is lightly uttered because the majority has no adequate conception of all the responsibilities and obligations it involves.

A man who *was* my friend has just left the house. He called to make a social visit. I will use him as an illustration of one who is lacking the essential element of friendship. We have been very close to each other for fifteen years. When in trouble he always came to me—and I never failed to comfort and sustain him to the best of my ability. He is also peculiar, erratic, exacting and his demands upon my patience, good nature and tolerance have often tried me to the limit of my nervous endurance.

He is rich.

Two years ago I was, as usual, very hard up financially. Under the lash of need I pawned a chest of silver. It was my mother's wedding gift to me—and held great sentimental value. Its value as silver was two hundred and fifty dollars. I pawned it for seventy-five dollars.

When the interest became due—sixteen dollars—I was not living in New York, and besides, I didn't have the sixteen dollars. I sent the pawn ticket to my friend and requested him to take care of it for me. He did. That was two years ago. During all this time our intimate relations were very active. Six months ago I made a sacrifice for him that cost me exactly one thousand dollars. When he called this afternoon, I said, "I am now ready to return to you all the

interest you have paid on the silver that has been held in hostage." He informed me that he had only protected it to the extent of having paid the *first* interest.

He had the pawn ticket, and I had assumed that he had kept up the interest. That's the end of the silver —and also the end of a long friendship.

I affected careless indifference—told him the loss was of no importance, was studious that no word or act of mine could let him know that his information had filled me with a deep *double* regret—the knowledge that he had been unworthy of my confidence, and a keen sense of the loss of that which was entwined with the tenderest, and sweetest, and happiest associations of my life. His dereliction showed that he has no poetical or idealistic vision of the claims of friendship. I can never again have the old feeling for him.

I have told you this story at length because it illustrates how some people lack the genius for friendship. When I think of the time, energy and money this friendship has cost me, I almost lose hope for humanity.

Of course, you have been in New York since I returned from Harris City. You have, no doubt, been here several times. Why did you not communicate with me? Were you too rushed and absorbed by business? Naturally, I feel hurt and piqued over such neglect, but nothing more. You will have to indulge in a more direct and personal cut in order to offend me, or to make me less of a friend.

Mrs. Eff and Mrs. W. returned last Monday—landed at ten—and we celebrated the event. I con-

sumed a great quantity of whisky and became dramatically intoxicated. Mrs. W. took the part of *engenue* and I acted the role of the aged and enraptured lover. There followed many jests, much laughter, great clatter of glasses and frequent crooking elbows. Lee recited jokes far more profane than sacred, and Mrs. Eff alone was dignified and conventional. Am going to Pelham tomorrow.

Yes, Mary, I was DRUNK. The first time in many years. The sensation was indescribably delightful. All cares fell from me like a discarded garment. Such a wondrous exhilaration possessed me. I was inflated with a consciousness of power. My ego, usually kept in subjection, pressed to the forefront, giving me a sort of heroic audacity. In other words, I just didn't give a damn—and everybody could step to hell. That's a grand sensation for a man who is ordinarily humble and timid.

I wish I had enough money to be *perpetually* drunk. If a few drinks can lift a man up from the dregs of unhappiness and set him on a pinnacle of joyousness, why not throw in a few drinks *every* day? In my case, I am compelled to abstain from the elixir, because it happens to be my mission to work—and not to be ecstatic. However, there are other forms of inebriety besides the one produced by alcohol.

We can be obfuscated with beauty, and groggy with art; we can grow soused over the charm of color, and feel ourselves getting pickled as we contemplate a vivid scene of Nature; we can get absolutely muddled, and squiffy and boozy listening to grand opera, and

we can feel ourselves falling into a fuddle and fuzzle under the spell of creative effort.

Everybody should be drunk forever—drunk on a cloud, or a star, or a flower—on a poem, or a melody, or a memory. Don't you think it a good idea?

Well, we are still keeping house—and like it very much. Jen is interested and leaves nothing undone. I call her the domestic drudge.

Are you coming to see us—even if only to breeze in? We shall be disappointed if you don't.

If I don't write as often as formerly, you must admit that I write longer letters. With best regards, and all good wishes, I am

Your friend,

I. S. J.

P.S.: I haven't an envelope, but perhaps I can improvise one.

§ 35: SUCCESS

Dear Mary:

Your letter came this morning, and I was glad to hear from you. You have by this time received the letter I sent you Sunday—the one enclosed in the yellow-fever envelope. It must have caused the postal clerks to gasp—and no doubt dominated your Monday morning's mail. I frescoed it rather richly, because I was in a colorful mood.

Went out to the Eff's Sunday, and returned on the midnight train. Mrs. Eff is perfectly fit—looking remarkably well—and is in fine fettle. I would say,

judging from her appearance, that she is in the pink of condition. Mrs. W. was there—and was at her best and brightest. A very fascinating woman.

About ten years ago I was on very close terms with an editor of the *Evening* ——. At that time his salary was one hundred thousand dollars a year—and he was chronically *broke.* I had luncheon with him today, and we enjoyed talking about old times. His salary is now one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year—and he is now worth fifteen million dollars—having made it on real estate. I am happy to know that he has been succesful, because he is a wonderful man in every respect. He lives in New Jersey, and I promised to go out with him Saturday and remain until Monday.

Of late, I have been meeting many of my old friends. While I enjoy the reunions, they certainly consume much time and I am so absorbed in my work that I hate to neglect it for any reason. Isn't it splendid really to be in love with one's work? I am coming along beautifully. Have just declined a job at fifteen thousand dollars a year. I think I will make considerably more than that—and besides I had rather work for *several* clients than for just one, on the same principle that makes it unwise to put *all* your eggs in *one* basket.

You must forgive my frequent references to business. It isn't the money that interests me—but the terribly agreeable sensation of doing what I really like to do—squeezing what little creative power I have out of my system. That's what counts most with me.

Now, you are in for a steel-ribbed scolding. I think we have known one another long enough for me to take the liberty of calling your attention to one of your temperamental faults—a very glaring one that reacts against you. It is your habit of self-depreciation. Bragging and boasting are considered bad taste, and pointedly to exaggerate one's achievements is a form of vanity that is generally avoided by great minds. However, the other extreme is equally culpable—because it is usually a mark of insincerity. You constantly undervalue your success in business. Now, all your friends know that you are proud of it —and justly so. Therefore, they ascribe your indulgence in self-depreciation to a manifestation of reversed ego. In other words, when you underrate your accomplishment they don't credit you with frankness.

It is quite natural to feel a pardonable pride in creating a business success. Measured by ordinary standards, you have created a business success. Therefore, you should not say anything that tends to diminish faith in it—to impress others with the idea that you think lightly of it. As a matter of fact you do *not* think lightly of it. You have never recovered from the shock and surprise of the success you have made—and I trust you never will. When you regard success as the result of routine action—simply the normal and inevitable consequences of a system or a plan—you will be robbed of all intense and spontaneous pleasure in your work. The shock and surprise of victory not only gratify our striving after the ideal, but give stimulus for progress.

Success is the Frankenstein of business. It is easier to weather the cyclone of reverses than to come through the sunshine of success. Failure quickens the senses; success, in many cases, is deadening. In business, the real struggle of existence begins after the first success. It affects different people differently. The crisis comes with success. The business goes ahead, or it goes back. It can't stand still.

Now, Mary, you permit your perverse ego to indulge in an assumption of unowned virtue. You are not insensible to joy of having created a success, but you *pretend* to underestimate your ability—when, in truth, you prize it very highly. This is not being on the level with your business, yourself, or your friends. A store is like a farm. One season it yields a bumper crop, the next season it produces a meagre one. So many elements enter into both. Vigilance, prescience, discrimination, judgment, intelligence are the price we must pay for our crops. Read history and you will learn that great military powers met defeat when at the apex of success. It's the same with business. It is easier to capture leadership than to keep it captive.

That's *that*.

Trust to see you soon.

With best regards and best wishes,

I. S. J.

P.S.:

Still on the subject of business. Times change—which is another way of saying that conditions change. Your perspective of your business should be broad. Look around. Note the changes. Has competition in-

creased in quality and quantity? Are other stores trying to match yours? Are you sustaining your originality and initiative? Are you doing everything possible to hold old customers and win new ones? Are you sustaining your good will? You haven't any time to talk about what you *don't* do. Keep your success thoroughly organized. Put your spirit into your work. Interest the public in it. Make friends. The only way to do this is to have the business ideally honest. Do what you can *well*—and don't advertise your deficiencies—and don't give expression to self-depreciation.

I. S. J.

§ 36: BUYING RELIGION

Dear Mary:

I have been thinking over the subject of our recent conversation. Your views accord with my own. Perhaps this explains why your statements impressed me so deeply.

There is a member of the Rabbi's congregation. He is not a distinguished scholar, but he is a gentleman. Having excellent tastes, and possessed of the means to indulge them he *does* indulge them.

The twin power of habit and instinct prompts him to patronize a high-priced tailor when he replenishes his wardrobe. He wears expensive hats, scarfs, shirts, socks and shoes. His watch is costly. The automobile he drives advertises his worldly prosperity, his artistic discrimination, and his appreciation of personal

luxury, while transporting him safely and speedily. When he requires their services his nose points to the physician or lawyer who charges the highest fee as naturally as the magnetic needle points to the North. He is modern and progressive, big-hearted and brainy, but strange to say, he is disposed to haggle when it comes to buying religion. He demands the finest cigars and wines, and pays the most extravagant prices without a murmur. He shrinks from bargains in jewelry—and scorns everything cheap, because he knows cheap things are not worth buying, and added to such knowledge is his pride in living up to a high standard. Now, religion, represented by our friend, the dear Rabbi, is defenseless. It can't be sordid and spiritual. Any evangel of God who displays the slightest disposition to be mercenary or money-swayed loses something of grace and sweetness and disinterestedness.

Mr. Tiffany, Messrs. Rolls-Royce and other business men can, and do, put a price upon their merchandise—but the Rabbi can't and doesn't. Therefore, the member of the congregation I have described, without a thought of the injustice involved, underpays him.

Several months ago the Rabbi told me that he loved Harris City and its people—that he felt he could be useful there—and, if they wanted him, he would remain, regardless of what the compensation in money might be.

I was happy to learn that he had been formally and officially invited to remain another year—and I trust he was voted a salary that is satisfactory to God. If

the congregation took advantage of his generous and unselfish attitude, it indicates the weakness of humanity, and proves that this special congregation really needs this particular Rabbi to arouse its latent sense of fairness.

The Rabbi will never attempt to force, or even to suggest adequate remuneration for his services. He is not commercial—but he is properly ambitious. His intellectual and spiritual horizon is constantly broadening—and when he is conscious of being cramped and skimped by material limitations, he will no doubt yield to other offers, and end in leaving Harris City *flat*.

Rabbis must live just as men in other walks of life. They must marry, establish homes, become fathers, assist dependents, save for old age—wear good clothes, buy books and magazines, travel, entertain—in fact do all the expensive things that business and professional men do, except ask for adequate financial returns for their services. The Rabbi has invested his time, his effort, his mind, his spirit, and is daily increasing his investment, and he is surely entitled to honest dividends. If Harris City is not a good market for such qualities, why should it have them? I wonder if the Rabbi's income on his rich Capital is enough to save him from practicing the mean little economies that have blighted the lives of so many fine and faithful men? He should not be subjected to such depressing experiences. The Billy Sundays of religion *get theirs* before they begin to "perform."

If the Rabbi's congregation hasn't already *fixed* his

salary so that he can afford a wife, a home, children and automobile—and provide himself with the other essentials of life—it should lose no time in doing so. He should symbolize not only the heart, but the prosperity, of Harris City's Jewry.

We Jews have a vitalized conscience when it comes to paying shoe salesmen, cloak and suit buyers, credit managers, bricklayers, actors, hotelkeepers and others, but we are sadly lacking when it comes to paying for the solace, and comfort, and beauty of our religion.

Generous compensation given spontaneously is simply one form of expressing appreciation of the devotion of such a man as the Rabbi—his unswerving fidelity to the happiness and spiritual growth of the individual and the community.

With best regards, I am

Very sincerely,

Your friend, I. S. J.

§ 37: LOVE AND HATRED

Dear Mary:

Two friends of mine are in trouble—a man and a woman. They happen to be married—to each other.

I knew them in their days of courtship. They tried to attract each other by every possible and proper means. It was a "love match." But crouching beside love, and ever ready to spring, lies hate, the denial of love. Hate develops out of evil feelings and evil

feelings cannot arise out of nothing any more than poisonous gas can arise out of nothing. Hate has many elements. They are found mainly in association with the factors of love itself. "Where love ends hatred begins."

El understands how painfully she at once loved and hated Harry. The incredible happened. An individuality surrendered itself freely and was deceived. Where the union was believed most intimate and perfect nothing but a blank remains. Where the individual ego had seemed forever inseparably fused with that of another, there is now seen to be nothing but illusion. The ultimate sacrifice, the last unveiling of one's own soul has to the other been a mere dramatic performance and not an act of worship. So hatred arises out of the ruins of love, and the passions give tongue like a pack of hounds upon the chase.

It is but one example of the daily tragedy of sex—the struggle of the sexes and the drama of love-hate.

Only a little while ago El rushed to meet Harry—to crown him with the gift of herself. They dashed together like two stars. She was sparkling in the golden flush of youth. Both lusted for battle. The contest of love raged. This was the beginning of the drama of sex. Harry was stronger than El, but in heroic surrender and deception he joyfully led her to believe that she had stretched him in the dust.

Here was the climax of love. Harry desired to be the conquered one. El was eager to yield herself. Then the spirits of evil intervened, and misunderstanding arose. Here love's distrust entered, and

hatred began to rear its head. The holy of holies was opened all in vain.

Has El wasted the sweetness of her soul upon a stone image? While she bestowed her whole heart, was Harry merely playing at love?

Tenderness without limit, the most poetical assurances, the rhythms of her soul poured out in the music of her wooing voice—has all of this been to Harry words, without meaning?

Thus awakened the spirit of hate that always lingers so close to love, and the tragedy moves onward. El gave her love, and believes that she has been deceived. She rages in the frenzy of sex.

Can disillusioned love lead, not to hatred, but to friendship? No. We dishonor the corpse of dead love to give it the name of friendship. Sometimes kindly relations are maintained after love has been renounced. Richard Wagner and Mathilde, Goethe and Frau von Stein, Lenan and Sophie Loewenthal, Jeanette Strauss and Boerne were to some extent successful in this—but El and Harry are not as great in spiritual power as any of these.

To change love into friendship the man and the woman must have a profound sense of intimate association, and the man must have an enduring love free from passionate impulse, able to feel a sentiment of deep spiritual tenderness for the woman.

El's blood is full of fever, and her imagination is filled with visions. Peace will come only with the oblivion of forgetfulness. When she can say "I have forgotten," then she can also say "I forgive."

There are women to whom men give their hearts at first sight. They arouse admiration by the erotically toned note of their intellectuality, tinged with a nuance of their sensuality. A social evening with such a woman—dinner, music, philosophy—is preferred by men to a far more intimate relationship with a woman of another order.

El is the type that inspires love or admiration at first sight.

Your friend,
I. S. J.

§ 38: TRUE HOSPITALITY

Dear Mary:

Your letter just came. Jen and I are delighted to know that at last you are going to permit us to see you. Please write or wire on what train you will arrive, and we will meet you at the station, and have dinner either at home, or at some interesting place—and we expect you to spend the night at the apartment—and as many other nights as you will be in New York.

You can feel just as free here as if you were on an open prairie—just as much at home as we felt when with you. It will be jolly to have you with us—and we are looking forward to your coming with no end of pleasure. I will get all in shape for a talkfest.

I had an awful fall yesterday—landed on my face and skinned my nose—bruised both knees and

hands. The shock almost put me out of business, but I feel dandy today. Give our best love to the Rabbi.

Now, let us know when you will arrive—and don't you dare to eat anything on the train.

Yours sincerely,

I. S. J.

Thursday

§ 39: A RAMBLE

Dear Mary:

I don't know what the time is. I have neither watch nor clock. However, it is early Saturday morning—perhaps three, or maybe six o'clock. Having awakened, and well knowing that I was finished with sleep, I decided to write you. Received your note informing me of the hour the Rabbi will arrive. Have reserved a room for him and will meet his train.

I will do everything possible to make his visit pleasant, because I like him, and also because he is your friend.

The world is still at this hour. A hush broods over the city. Action and movement have ceased. Not a sound can be heard where I sit—on the eleventh floor overlooking Madison Avenue. It is as if the great throbbing heart of New York has atrophied.

It is the hour of death—the hour that sick men and women reach the lowest state of vitality, and the ones who haven't enough stamina and resistance sink into the Valley of the Shadow, and enter the bourne that sooner or later all of us must traverse. Many in New

York are ill—not only in homes and hotels—but all the hospitals are crowded. Think of those who at this moment are passing from life—gasping and writhing—lying mute and marblelike, just before beginning the great journey to ———— where? Who knows where? It is the mystery of the destination that gives such witchery to death.

Suppose I died. I would solve that which is a secret to every being who lives.

Look, look, Mary! There, in the East! Just ten minutes ago the sky was overcast with murk, and the air was milky with fog. And now the sky is streaked with faint traces of rose, and gold, and violet that grow stronger every instant, and the washcloth of Nature is wiping the air clean of its milky blotches. Soon it will be radiant with ambrant, and another beautiful morning will dawn.

Meanwhile, I'd give something pretty for a cup of coffee and a roll. Another day! What will it bring forth?

New interest, new hopes, new failures, new friends, new enemies—smiles, tears—happy realizations of long-cherished dreams—crushing heartbreaks.

If only each of us would really try to make others happy! Then our social relations would be pleasant. We don't do this because we fail to exercise good sense and good temper—nor are we guided by kindness in our social intercourses—refusing to accommodate ourselves as far as possible to the feelings and interests of others.

Selfishness is at the root of nearly all disagreements.

We are so absorbed in our own motives that we are blind to the good intentions of others.

All of us require a great deal of strength, toleration and prudence to meet the responsibilities and obligations of friendship—and especially of those who confide in us. It is my habit to make an inventory of the faults of my friends, and to separate such faults into two classifications—those that are *born* in them, and those that are *acquired* by them. Then I excuse the former and quietly attempt to correct the latter.

Most of my friends assume this attitude towards me—and as a consequence I have become free of many acquired faults. However, the ones born in me are more stubborn, and I suppose they will cling to me throughout life.

I wonder why my pen has taken this moralizing strain so early in the day. It isn't entertaining, and all letters should be entertaining—or remain unwritten.

It would be nice to have a long, long talk with you. I am alone so much—often more alone when in a crowd than when I am by myself. Emerson said something like that—this great man alone in a crowd. The same thing applies to a man who is not great. Anyway, greatness is a relative term.

I must go scouting for coffee.

Yours sincerely,

I. S. J.

§ 40: "A BOOK OF BILLS AND AN ANSWER"

Dear Mary:

I have just finished a book for you. Its title is *Money Matters.* If you were to send out one hundred copies to people in Harris City it would cause more talk than was created by *The Confessions of a Bridegroom,* published in the City of Swimming Frog, Montana, and suppressed because of the Rev. Y. V. Simpking's vigorous opposition to its being circulated.

However, if you do not care to put out any of them you can add the columns to your collection of other good books.

I owe you $185.00 for purchases made by Jen, and, in consideration of the book, I trust you will credit my account with that amount. The book goes to you under separate cover. Mr. K. and Mrs. H. sailed for Paris last Friday midnight.

With best wishes, I am sincerely,

Your friend,

I. S. J.

P.S.—If you don't wish to retain the book, you are at liberty to return it, and I will send you a check for the bill due. I. S. J.

My dear Mr. J.:

I must confess that I have been at a loss to know just how to answer any one of your letters, for they

have impressed me as being written by a master mind. I do not want you to misunderstand me—I am not trying to humiliate myself by saying this, but one must confess that one should at least "Know Thyself."

I really am not able to give you my opinion in written form of this most unusual, most artistic and most expensive book given me to add to my collection. I have always desired knowledge but never knew just how to get a good start, but you have certainly succeeded in starting me with a One Hundred and Eighty-five Dollar edition *Money Matters.* I can assure you that I am going to place this book in my safe and no hardship, however great, will ever make me spend one of the dollars in this book.

Mr. J., you must indeed think a great deal of me to give the time and thought that you have already given me, and I only hope and pray that I may measure up to your fullest expectations.

I expect to go to New York this Sunday afternoon and will call you up and perhaps we can arrange to have dinner together Sunday evening. How would you and Jen like to take dinner with me Sunday evening? If you can, I will not have my dinner on the train—please drop me a card.

I expect to remain in New York a couple of days to do my mid-summer buying. I am real homesick to see both you and Jen and to have a nice little heart-to-heart talk. Again I want to tell you how very, very grateful I am to you for your marvelous and unique copy. It is gotten up so cleverly, although not unlike what Mr. J. stands for.

I have read the second number of *Witchery* and enjoyed every line. Trusting that you and Jen are enjoying the best of health, I remain as ever

M. S.

§ 41: A SALESMAN OF RELIGION

Dear Mary:

My head is throbbing, my mouth is dry and my heart is heavy, but in spite of such ills, I don't wish to let the day die without writing you an appreciation of your goodness in letting me meet the Rabbi.

I will not attempt to be scholarly, or pedantic, or profuse. My desire is to be very simple, because I am very sincere.

It was a joy to talk with the Rabbi—an inspiration —not because he is a Rabbi, but because of the *man.*

Were he a shoe salesman, or a stock broker, or a head waiter, or a banker, or a manufacturer of monkey wrenches, or an actor, or the exponent of any other ordinary calling I should have loved him at first sight. But such a mind would never be found except in some high, and fine, and noble department of activity.

He will read this letter. I wish him to read it. Therefore, I must not slop over. Anyway, I dislike gush and fustian. The Rabbi is a rare and beautiful combination. I like his unhandsome face—so rugged, so strong, so sweet with the light of understanding—

so human. What I really feel cannot be expressed by any words in the dictionary.

They are not equal to the vibrations of our heart strings. I cannot attribute my sensations to emotional bubbles. They are clear and defined, profound and powerful—and yet vague and faint—like the lingering cadence of a song, or the caprices of an exquisite fragrance, the mingled essence of a floral serenade. He is color, too, musical, enchanting color—soul concord.

Now, Mary, my pen is leading me into word rhythms, and I really wish to be simple.

The man's spiritual and intellectual sympathy with my denseness—his unaffected personal charm and candid directness moved me deeply, and gave me the *rest* that my nerves so much needed.

In him you see what brains and culture can do for one. He began life like millions of fool boys—and by application and the right use of natural ability has grown into a tower of strength for the weak, the ignorant, the irresolute and the wavering.

You say his philosophy has given you new strength, new courage, new confidence. I believe it—and he would stimulate me the same way, if I had a chance to be with him. You may not credit my statement, but I need his influence more than you.

Isn't it a tragedy that harmonious spirits can't organize and incorporate for mutual happiness? When I think of the companionships that have made my life so arid and sterile, I grieve over the fate that has

denied me the exhilaration derived from such friends as his kind.

Everything I wished to write is unwritten.

Sincerely,

I. S. J.

P.S.—I am very tired.

§ 42: "ART AND BUSINESS AND ANOTHER ANSWER"

Dear Mary:

I am deeply in your debt—owing you no less than five or six letters. Well, you were right here in town, and may still be, and so long as I anticipated seeing you during the day or evening, I permitted the letters to remain unwritten.

On Tuesday, I called on your friends, Mr. K. and Mrs. H. Both are very attractive. Such a combination of elegant taste and charming personalities should make a real artistic and financial success.

I always liked Mrs. H. She is sweet, dignified and always suggested great moral power. Such natures as hers give life its poetry. Their value to the world cannot be measured.

They showed me several frocks—all of them beautiful. The appeal of each is to the genius of appreciation—speaking to men and women who have artistic discrimination. In the presence of such beauty the mind that is susceptible to the joy of form and color feels itself placed in a most pleasing ideal state, and even now they have the power of freeing me

from the frightfully sordid burdens that oppress me.

I was to suggest some unique and original advertising plan for them.

I have worked on it two days and nearly two nights, and believe I have created something very interesting. My idea is not to advertise the frocks as frocks. That's old stuff.

I know of no dress manufacturer in this country who has ever risen above the level of the commonplace and ordinary in his advertising. All of them play the same dreary, monotonous tune. Perhaps this is true, because they haven't enough initiative to pull out of the rut, and their advertising men have neither art nor imagination.

I have just finished a campaign for Mr. K. that will make him more famous than he is. Of course, I have no way of knowing whether or not he will accept it. In case he doesn't there surely is some one manufacturer in New York whose perceptions are keen enough to make him want it. Therefore, I do not count the time and thought devoted to the production lost.

It is the best work I have ever done, and I will not sell it to any but a manufacturer whose garments are fine enough to sustain such advertising. I wish you could see it.

I don't know what is going on, because while doing the K. job I shut myself in—answering no telephone calls, and having meals sent to my room.

The Rabbi mentioned that you were going South from New York, so I do not know whether you are in Harris City or somewhere under bluer skies—where

the air is softer and the stars are brighter. I don't blame you for getting out of the snow and blizzards belt.

Went to a play with Mr. W. last Monday night. The usual type! Cuss words for wit—and sexual suggestiveness for interest.

If you are in Harris City drop me a line.

Best wishes and sincere regards.

I. S. J.

My dear Mr. J.:

You have no idea how delighted I was to have received your message yesterday in regard to having pleased Mrs. H. and Mr. K. Here is a word from the wise—although far be it from me to consider myself wise—but I just want to let you in on a little secret. Anything that you do that will feature Mrs. H. will make a great hit with Mr. K. His soul is wrapped up in that marvelous little woman, and I well can appreciate it, for she radiates sunshine and joy every minute of the day—while on the other hand, he spells gloom and suspects the world. I do not want you to think that I am trying to turn you against him for I am a great admirer of Mr. K. I really think more of him than I do of any other manufacturer with whom I deal, but he has certain narrow-minded ideas which are unpardonable in many instances! Mr. K. and I never agree, although that does not mean anything. I seem to be having a battle with the whole world.

You see, Mr. J., I am a full-grown person in years but have the mind of a sixteen-year-old child, so it is

hard for me to make myself understood by the brilliant men and women with whom I come in contact. However, I am glad that a sympathetic person like yourself can make allowances for one who is indiscreet and lacking in self-possession. When I read your letter, I must admit that I was a little concerned, for I had hoped that I would never be called indiscreet. You also asked me to curb my emotions—I never knew I had any—I do wish you would let me in on the little secret. My doctor told me that I had low blood pressure, but when I read your letter my temperature was 105, and this means that I am almost beyond aid. You tell me not to be so exuberant—you flatter me, for I have been classed in the category of dead ones for many years. If I understand the word correctly, it signifies bubbling over with joy of life, and you certainly have the wrong impression of me.

You say that the Rabbi understands me—I wonder! I have said before that it would not be hard to study me any more than to study any child's emotions, but I just wonder whether or not a man who has made such a great study of the Bible could ever have a little cavity in his brain to be able to study a human being so full of absolutely meaningless ideas as I.

You say that Rabbis are not plentiful—I hope not. The only reason that I am interested in our Rabbi is that—to my way of thinking—he stands very much alone in his ideas and ideals in regards to the work he has chosen. That is why I am interested in you too—while it is true that you have made a living all through life by advertising—you have done it differ-

ently. Your work is so wonderfully unique—I just cannot express myself perhaps for the very reason you gave in your letter to me.

There is one thing about which I pride myself—that is, that I have so little to offer and yet I seem to be able to surround myself with friends who are just full of everything that I need. If only my little brain cells were more susceptible, what a brilliant person I would be in time.

I am sorry that you did not enjoy the "Piker"—but I am not at all surprised. I am anxious to hear from Mrs. H. in reference to the work you have submitted to her—when I do hear from her, I will let you know. I am going to Reading tomorrow and will see that you get some more pretzels.

Mr. J., I am enclosing a letter that M. E. received from Mrs. O. H. We are going to enclose this pamphlet with our monthly statements. M. E. attributes a great portion of her success to this particular woman. I do hope that sometime when you have a little leisure, you will read this pamphlet and write me your opinion of the woman who had the foresight —or rather I should say—the power of looking into the future of women reaching the age where clothes play a most insignificant part in comparison with the starved look of their skins—there is no luxurious gown made that would not make this deficit more conspicuous.

M. E. does not fear age—she makes women look forward to becoming three score and ten where they can pride themselves that they not only know how to

keep their bodies from having aches and pains but do not show lines of care in their faces.

I think perhaps if you would write me your opinion of her work and what it really means, I might be able in some way or other to send her your letter. I am in great hopes of getting her interested in you. I feel that you have a message to put across to her public that she had not succeeded in getting anyone to do for her. I must be very careful how I handle this lady for she is, I understand, a mixture of Scotch, Irish and English.

Hoping that you are enjoying the best of health and that I may hear from you, I remain

Sincerely yours,

M. S.

§ 43: OPERATIONS AND PRAYER

Dear Mary:

I am a bit worn from loss of sleep and the expenditure of sympathy. Mrs. Eff took a bad turn yesterday and began sinking rapidly. Her face withered and changed to the ashy, grayish color that means only a few breaths from death.

At six o'clock a pint of blood was transfused into her almost sterile veins, and she was operated upon. I was there with Lee.

Mrs. W. rushed back from Chicago. She got off the train at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street—

reaching the hospital just as Mrs. Eff was being taken to the operating room.

I remained at the hospital until one o'clock and returned this morning at six. Lee and Mrs. W. spent the night there.

When I left at one it was not thought that she would survive the night. However, this morning she was decidedly better. The new blood had given her the needed vitality.

Rabbis and Priests were asked to pray for her.

Mrs. W. utterly collapsed—and with a breaking heart said: "I'll be God-damned if I ever prayed, but I *will* tonight."

They all turn to invisible divine power when confronted with death.

When it comes to an emergency, Lee is a *real* man.

He donned a surgeon's uniform and witnessed the operation. It was a dreadful ordeal for him, but Mrs. Eff made the request.

He didn't shirk or flinch for an instant.

Please don't mention that I have written you about the operation, but I know you are deeply interested and sincerely sorry, and feel that you should be told.

Don't wire. I will keep you informed.

The dresses arrived yesterday. Jen spent the night with a friend. She will decide upon a selection Monday.

Many thanks for your kindness and promptness.

Give our best regards to the Rabbi—and also to yourself. I. S. J.

§44: DEATH OF A GOOD MAN

Telegram received—10 P. M. April 22nd.

Miss M. S.:

"She is greatly improved and gaining daily."

I. S. J.

Telegram received—12.36 P. M. April 24th.

Miss M. S.:

"Papa died suddenly Thursday morning—heart attack—services Saturday morning, eleven o'clock."

Jen.

Harry Carr
609 State St.,